VOL. VII PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT VANCOUVER, B. C. NO. 9

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

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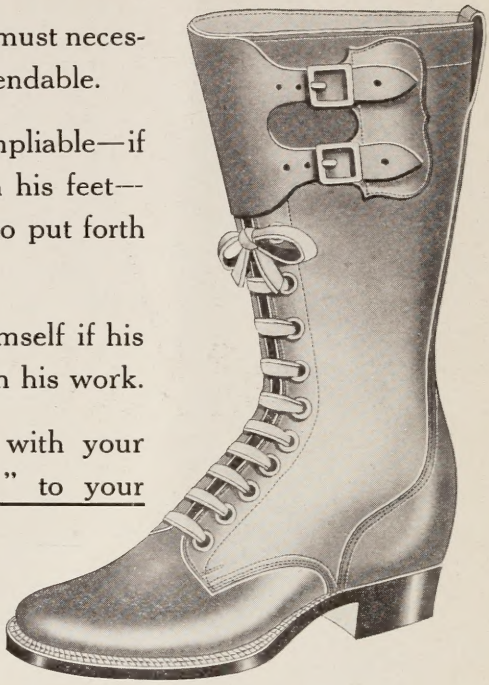
SEPTEMBER, 1911 PRICE 15 CENTS



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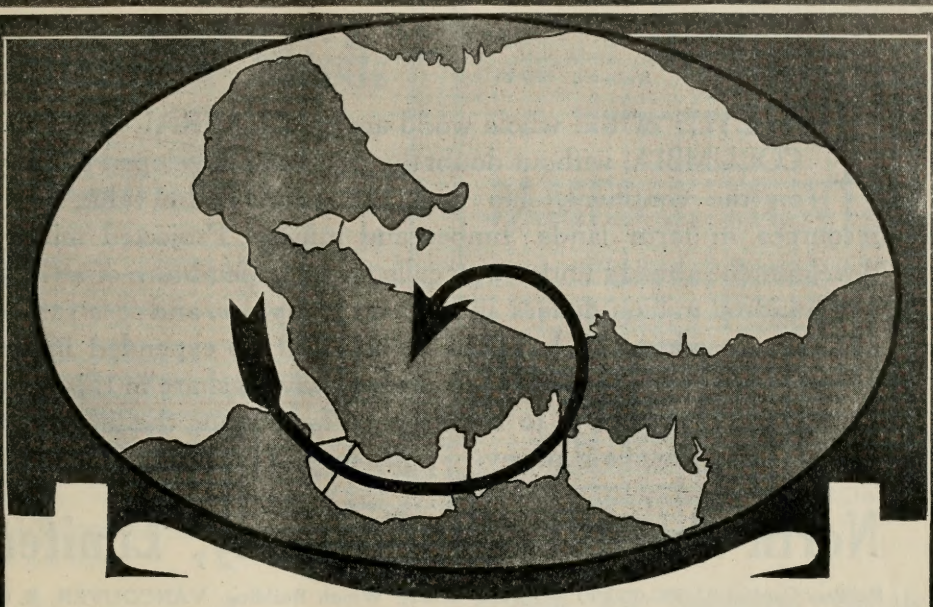

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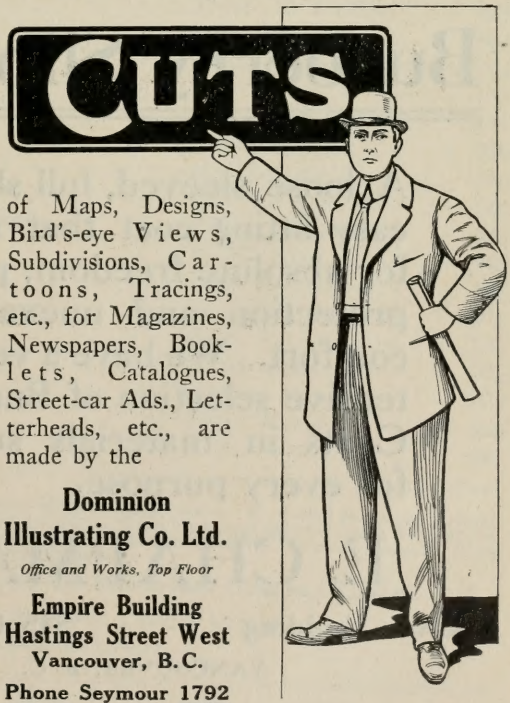

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VANCOUVER, B. C.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

(FORMERLY MAN-TO-MAN)

VOL. VII

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Published once a month in Vancouver, B. C., by the Man-to-Man Company, Limited

President, Elliott S. Rowe; Vice-President, Charles McMillan;
Secretary-Treasurer, William Lawler.

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A Westerner

By CHARLES BADGER CLARK, Jr.

(*From the "Pacific Monthly"*)

My fathers sleep o'er the sunrise plains,
  And each one sleeps alone;
Their trails may dim to the grass and rains
  For I choose to make my own.
I lay proud claim to the blood and name
  But I lean on no dead kin;
My name is mine for the praise or scorn,
And the world began when I was born,
  And the world is mine to win!

They built high towns on their old log sills,
  Where the great, slow rivers gleamed,
But with new, live rock from the savage hills,
  I'll build as they only dreamed.
The fire scarce dies where the trail-camp lies
  Till the rails glint down the pass;
The desert springs into fruit and wheat
And I lay the stones of a solid street
  Over yesterday's untrod grass.

I waste no thought on my neighbor's birth
  Or the way he makes his prayer;
I grant him a white man's room on earth
  If his game is only square,
While he plays it straight I'll call him mate,
  If he cheats I drop him flat.
All rank but this is a worn-out lie,
For all clean men are as good as I
  And a king is only that.

I dream no dreams of a nursemaid State,
  That will spoon me out my food.
A stout heart sings in the fray with fate
  And the shock and sweat are good.
From noon to noon all the earthly boon
  That I ask my God to spare—
Is a little daily bread in store,
With the room to fight the strong for more,
  And the weak shall get their share.

The sunrise plains are a tender haze,
  And the sunset seas are gray,
But I stand here where the bright skies blaze
  Over me and the big Today.
What use to me is the vague "may be,"
  Or the mournful "might have been"?
For the sun wheels swift from morn to morn
And the world began when I was born,
  And the world is mine to win!

THE COAST OF BRITISH COLUMBIA HAS THE SUMMER CHARACTER OF THE NORWAY COAST

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

Rugby Football in British Columbia: Its Past, Present and Future

By Roy T. S. Sachs

"1887" sounds a long way off, and makes many of us feel old; to Vancouverites it is almost prehistoric. Yet on Easter Monday, 1887, was played the first Rugby football match in British Columbia, between teams representing Vancouver and New Westminster. The latter town was then many times the size of the struggling little village on Burrard Inlet, and its Rugby men viewed the challenge of Vancouver with as much equanimity as, until recently, its present lacrosse team regarded the *defis* of Mr. Jones and his merry men. The game was played in Vancouver on the old Hamilton street grounds, practically all the town flocking to the sidelines, and resulted in a win for the home team by a goal and a try to a try—eight points to three.

It is surpassingly interesting to go over the names of the members of that first Vancouver team. Most of them are with us yet; some have passed away; but they, one and all, were the real early pioneers of our Last and Greatest West—pioneers of civilization, industry and sport, bringing with them into their work, as on to the Rugby field, those same glorious traditions of justice and fairplay. G. McL. Brown we know of, at least, as the head of the great Canadian Pacific Railway in London, England. C. Gardiner-Johnson is still a name to conjure with in our city, both in the world of business and sport. Few are the matches at Brockton Point when we do not see Mr. Gardiner-Johnson's burly form, following the game he loved and played so well and often, with as much keenness and zest as the most enthusiastic devotee.

H. St. George Hamersley, an English and New Zealand Rugby International, and many times captain of Vancouver, is, as the dullest politician knows, the member for Oxford at the Mother of Parliaments. The Hon. R. G. Tatlow, our late Minister of Finance, and one of the most unassuming and lovable of men, whose recent death has left a breach that can never be filled. A Gardiner-Johnson, again, dead in the terrible snows of the frozen north, in that wild stampede of '98. The Rev. M. Edwards, the then curate of St. James', with, next to him, his rector, the Rev. Fiennes-Clinton, who is still with us, a fine example of muscular Christianity. Harry Watson, now passed away, and Vancouver's first captain. Tom Holt, a carpenter then, and still engaged in his trade, albeit his hair is now as white as snow. Lieut.-Col. Boultbee, now re-

VANCOUVER'S REPRESENTATIVE TEAM 1910-11

siding at Chilliwack. Mr. Harvey, of Messrs. Loewen & Harvey: all these gentlemen are landmarks, nay, pillars in the history of Vancouver's growth and prosperity.

Rugby football was being played in Victoria long before either Vancouver or New Westminster had teams; but travelling was arduous and lengthy in those days, and there were no glorious "Princesses" to whisk one away to the capital in a few hours. Therefore it was not until the early 'nineties that a match was played between picked fifteens from the Mainland and Vancouver Island, Nanaimo also having a team in those days.

In this first encounter the Mainland, captained by H. St. George Hamersley, won, after a dour struggle, by an unconverted try—scored by C. Gardiner-Johnson—to nil. Matches between the Island and Mainland teams, once started, were never allowed to drop, and were played with more enthusiasm year by year. Time claims its toll, however, and even the best of us cannot hope to play a strenuous game of Rugby after the early 'thirties, and thus it comes about that we see the names of Marshall, Woodward, Spencer, Tait, Worsnop, Jenkinson and many another supplanting those of Rugby's earliest pioneers; more teams spring up, more and more people are attracted by the robust, manly pastime, and by the spirit of fairplay which animates all its players and officials.

In 1894 a composite team left Vancouver for San Francisco, at the invitation of many Old Countrymen resident at the Golden Gate, who longed for, not only another sight, but another game of their beloved pastime. The great Midwinter Fair was then in full swing, and four matches were played before large crowds, the British Columbians winning every game. Thus the game took root in California, but it was not until 1906 that it received its greatest impetus across the forty-ninth parallel. Then, on the occasion of the visit of the famous All Blacks, who passed through California on their return to New Zealand after their well-nigh all-conquering tour of the British Isles, a

STANFORD UNIVERSITY TEAM 1910-11, ALWAYS GREAT FAVOURITES IN VANCOUVER

picked British Columbian team played two games against them, before many of the students of the two great Universities of Stanford and Berkeley.

Both games were lost, by twenty-seven points to three, and twenty-seven points to nine, but the students and staff were so impressed with the pace, cleverness and openness of English Rugby that they wavered and hesitated no longer, but abolished once and for always the mediæval slaughter they had played until then, and with our cousins' characteristic energy, set themselves to learn and master the rules and moves of the new game. Today, in five short years, they are no longer our pupils, but our equals and rivals, our equals always in fairplay and clean play, our rivals and friends both on the field and off.

There are several Rugby teams in the interior of British Columbia—clubs composed chiefly of Old Countrymen who are unwilling to give up the games of their boyhood altogether. Unfortunately, however, distances are so great that many of these teams die of inanition and want of rivalry, and it is only on the coast where the game is really prospering to any great extent, the cities of Victoria, Vancouver and Nanaimo representing the three centres.

The Cooper-Keith Cup, emblematic of the Rugby football supremacy of the Pacific coast, was presented by J. C. Cooper-Keith, Esq., for competition among the clubs living on the borders of this great ocean. If, as happens this year, the cup is held by one of the Californian universities, then Vancouver and Victoria play a match to decide who shall challenge for and attempt to regain the prized piece of silverware; if, on the other hand, it is held by one of the British Columbian cities, then the winners of the annual "big game" between Stanford and Berkeley Universities challenges, and journeys up here to try to wrest it from our grasp.

The McKechnie Cup is for inter-city competition in this province, and is at present held by Victoria, the champion team of last season.

CRUSADERS RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB, CITY CHAMPIONS 1910-11

Chiefly owing to the support of that grand family of sportsmen, the Gillespies, Victoria had probably the strongest team in its career; they defeated both Nanaimo and Vancouver in the McKechnie Cup competitions, and only lost the Cooper-Keith Cup to the California champions, Berkeley University, after three of the hardest-fought games in the annals of British Columbia Rugby. The scores, in Berkeley's favour, were as follows: 3—3; 3—0; 3—0; the Blue and Gold athletes thus winning the Pacific coast supremacy by a total of only nine points to three in three games.

Nanaimo have of late years appeared somewhat spasmodically in the inter-city competitions, and cannot at present be reckoned serious rivals of either Vancouver or Victoria. In Vancouver, where the game is thriving to an extent never known before, there are no fewer than six senior and five intermediate teams, who play against each other regularly throughout the season, from the middle of September till the middle of April. The senior clubs compete in two league competitions, one before and one after Christmas, for each of which competitions championship cups have been presented, bearing the names of their respective donors, Messrs. Miller and Tisdall; whilst the victorious intermediate team gains possession of the Province cup, presented by the local newspaper of that name.

Last season—although Vancouver was not successful in its representative matches—club football advanced by leaps and bounds, the rivalry was keen and clean, and the amount of skill and science shown by the various teams was streets ahead of the preceding seasons. The general public were quick to recognize this fact, and showed that, so long as the game is clean, the players fit, the skill high, and the competition close, a good club game is as interesting and instructive as a representative one. Thus it was that the fostering care of the Rugby Union to put the clubs first and foremost, and to recognize them as the foundation of all our football, enabled the treasurer to announce at the annual general meeting held on August 21 last that a deficit of two hundred dollars in the Rugby

VANCOUVER'S FIRST RUGBY FIFTEEN WHICH PLAYED NEW WESTMINSTER, EASTER MONDAY, 1887, DEFEATING THEM BY THREE POINTS TO NOTHING

BACK ROW FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

G. McL. Brown — Gream — C. Gardiner-Johnson — H. St. G. Hamersley (in mufti)

Hon. R. G. Tatlow — Gardiner-Johnson — Mouat

FRONT ROW, SITTING:

Rev. M. Edwards — Rev. Fiennes-Clinton — H. Watson (Capt.) — T. Holt — Harvey

Boult — Lt.-Col. Boultbee

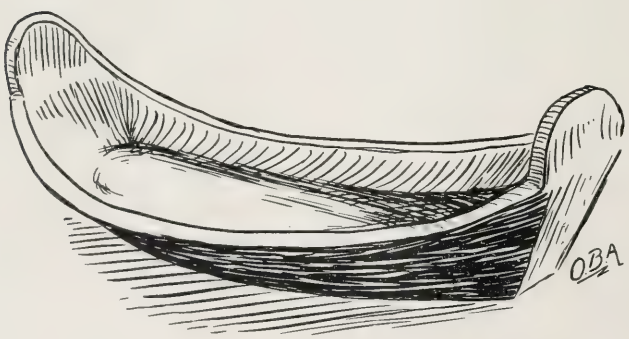
Union funds had been turned into a handsome credit balance of three hundred dollars.

Another season is now almost upon us, and all seems roseate and promising; the keenness shown at the annual general meeting was, if anything, greater than ever. Already one new club has become affiliated, while two more are hovering on the top of the fence. The clubs have all started practising and training, and should this same keenness of players and officials continue unabated throughout the season (as one has every reason to suppose it will) the public will be treated to faster and cleverer exhibitions than ever, and a representative fifteen should and will be formed in Vancouver, which will be a credit to the city, to British Columbia, and to Rugby. The day is still distant, as our games with the Anglo-Welsh, the All Blacks and the Wallabies showed us, but determination and courage always bring their own reward, and most of us, playing or following the games of today, will see that other day when Canadian Rugby football will be placed on an equal standing with that of the British Isles, New Zealand, South Africa and Australia; when Canadian teams will compete successfully with those of the Mother-country and her other fair Dominions, and British Columbia will be pointed to as the leader in sport and games, as she is now in advancement, commerce and patriotism; whilst king "Rugger" will number his subjects from the frozen wilds of Alaska to the sun-scorched pampas of Mexico.

May we always be animated, in business as in pleasure, by the clean, healthy desires and ambitions, the friendly aboveboard rivalry which Rugby football demands of its followers. May we always, in the office or on the field, "play the game." So shall we, when we retire to the "grandstand," do so without bitterness and with few regrets, conscious that we have each severally done our share, in work and in play, to keep our flag and our name unsullied and beyond reproach, and happy that, by our example, the younger generation is following suit, and that

VANCOUVER VS. BERKELEY UNIVERSITY, CHRISTMAS, 1909

young Canada of today, and the statesmen, lawgivers and business men of tomorrow, are being trained in an atmosphere of "fair-play" and cleanliness which will redound to the credit of Rugby, British Columbia and the Empire.



The Last of the Giants

By Garnett Weston

GOAT KHAI FONG is a Chinese coolie with a face as brown and withered as a raisin, and hands that resemble the turkey's foot you played with in the old days when you fell heir to such things at each turkey cleaning. Goat Khai Fong goes to work in the early hours when the mist hangs to the morning and the east sky blushes the velvet pinks of a rose. When the sun's fires in the west have burned to ashes he turns his face "home" and tramps away, keeping step to the throb of tired muscles.

There are three steps in the transition of land from forest dignity to the cultivated commonplace. Men tramp into the shadow-patterned forest. They cut and burn and rend at the vitals of the trees. The crashing noises of their passage lull into the distance, and behind are streets and city blocks, the latter pock-marked with black stumps. That is the first step. The clearing of the deeply-rooted stumps is the second step. It is then that Goat Khai Fong with his over-alled gang drifts in from the nowhere into which Chinamen disappear when they go around a corner.

They are lean of face, with lines that readily curve into sardonic grins. While they work they watch the passers-by that chance sends, and make insulting remarks which bring forth ironic laughter. You who pass the Chinese and glance with impersonal curiosity at the grinning celestials are lucky that you cannot comprehend. I who know something of their character feel the sting of their words. I know that, in their eyes, I am a strange creature with weird ways; that I have little to recommend me to them. So they laugh at me, and even though I am encased in western superiority I sometimes feel the lash of their satire.

There is nothing easy or pleasant about their work. Dragging pine stumps from their solid rooting is labor that turns every muscle into pliant steel and gives a man only one thread that seems to vary from the viewpoint of the destroyer. There is the dirty strands given them to weave into their cloth of life by the low caste god who looks after coolies. That is the pay-streak. It alone, of all the spoiled and filthy yarn, has a pleasing shade and the color of it is gold.

A gang of expert Chinese will clean a lot in less time than a gang of any other nationality. That is one reason why Chinese of the coolie class should be welcome in this country. All a land cleaner needs is a calloused skin and a dumb philosophy which refuses to recognize weariness and forgets man's right to pursue happiness. Brains are unnecessary, but, as in all cases, they help. That is why the Chinese coolie, whose brain is of infinitesimal

THEY ARE LEAN OF FACE WITH LINES THAT READILY CURVE INTO SARDONIC GRINS

proportions, is preferable to the Hindoo, whose brain is not at all.

Ten years ago Goat Khai Fong left China. He was middle-aged then, but ten years in the new country have made of him an old man. When he went down the village path to go on board the river junk that was to take him to the sea, a chocolate-colored woman with the unbound feet of her class went with him. When the junk was shoved out into the lazy drift of the yellow river, Goat Khai Fong looked for the last time at the woman who was his wife and at the naked children crowding about her. He loved the slovenly creature, with her drooping, hopeless shoulders and face that looked like the crude carving of a child. He would come back when he had earned some of the fabulous wealth of the new country.

In British Columbia he soon found work. He dictated a letter to a writing

THE CHINESE MOVE ABOUT IN THE BLUE SMOKE LIKE SOLDIERS IN THE DUST OF A BATTLE

HE TAMPS THE CHARGE WITH SAND AND PACKS IT WELL

man, in which he told his wife of his success. He paid the writing man three days' wages for the letter. Out of that sum the writing man was to buy postage. The letter never reached the village on the Yang-tse-Kiang. Goat Khai Fong's wife couldn't have read it anyway, and the priest would have asked more *cash* than she could ever hope to have. The letter never left the room of the writing man, but the money for it went into his account at the bank. Goat Khai Fong enquired regularly for an answer, and, after many months, when none came, he lost interest. He remembered that she had been the wife of someone else before she was his, and supposed that she had gone back to her former husband. Goat Khai Fong had become interested in a Hyda girl with coquettish black eyes, who worked in an eating-house. The Hyda girl smiled coaxingly every time he passed along the lane-

AFTER THE CHARGE HAS SPLIT THE SOLID STUMP FROM BASE TO SUMMIT

THEY GRAB THE BROKEN STUMP WITH THEIR PEAVIES

way at the rear of the restaurant, and looked into the reeking room where she washed dishes. The first time he passed after his last fruitless enquiry for a letter from home he stopped to talk to the girl. When he went on his way there were strange emotions in his head and his eyes shone. Two months later he married her and knew as much of happiness as is permitted a Chinese coolie. When the girl, her vagrant heart grown restless, saw on the street a Hyda man from her own village and fled to her home in the north, following the croon of her blood, Goat Khai Fong cursed her with quaint Chinese symbolisms and went back to work. There were fresh lines cut in his hard face and the sardonic smile was oftener seen there. Being without imagination, he failed to see the poetic justice of the desertion. He had quite forgotten the stupid woman who waited in the village by the Yang-tse-Kiang.

Goat Khai Fong's gang spends no time in useless speculation. The moment they are visible on a lot they are busy. The tangled growth of vines, weeds and bushes are chopped down, dragged into heaps and burned. Then they begin work on the sullen stumps.

The remnants of the forest giants are too solid for Chinese muscles to disturb them. Goat Khai Fong knows better than to try. He has a subtler method. First he digs a hole down among the roots and running inward with a slant, so that the bottom of the shaft is under the centre of the stump. Then he drops in three or four packages of oiled paper containing a black powder. The last package has a white fuse fastened to it. He tamps the charge with sand and packs it well. About this time the gang starts for distant points of safety, warning back rigs and people on the road. Goat Khai Fong touches a live coal to the fuse and sprints away, yelling as he goes. Swiftly the charge does its work, striking upward with smashing force, splitting the solid trunk from base to summit like an apple, and sending the roar of its thunders across the fields. The gang come back like a flock of dirty bluebirds. They grab the broken stump with their peavies, roll it over to the fast-growing heap and set the whole on fire.

All day the fight goes on. The blue smoke of the fires hangs lazily over the field, and the Chinese move about in its clinging wreaths like soldiers in the dust of a battle. They have their axes, peavies, spades, blasting powder and a trifling intelligence, which they pit against the stubborn resistance of the last of the giants. The Chinese win in the end. When at length they gather up their shoulder poles and baskets, moving away with the charac-

teristic tread which they share with four hundred and thirty millions of their fellows, the field is level as a lawn.

So once again the cycle is completed. Empty spaces giving way to shrubs and forest giants: the passing of the giants and the reappearance of the vacant places. Strange moons watched the cycle's turning, dead peoples and creatures, forest-shy, wandered furtively in the half lights under the great trees. The forest passed, following the flitting ghosts of its people. Goat Khai Fong, with his giant powder and his cynic smile, uproots and burns the stubble. When he goes home at night he leaves logs burning orange splashes of color in the night, and throwing shadows of light that breathe and throb and pant like a many-tentacled devilfish writhing on the ground.

The Widow

By ETHEL TALBOT

(From "McClure's Magazine")

It is all quiet in the house,
  Very quiet and lonely;
Within the walls I hear the mouse—
  Without, the owl's cry only.

The sullen wind against the pane
  Knocks as one seeking harbor;
Only the white feet of the rain
  Stir the leaves in the arbor.

His voice no more makes new for me
  All his old tales of daring;
He shall not take the road to sea,
  Nor come from far seafaring.

The rain's white fingers, small and light,
  Tap at the windows—only
Save that, all's quiet here tonight,
  Very quiet and lonely.

Fishing A New Country

By Ernest McGaffey

(Photographs by Leonard Franks)

SOME districts are the lake districts; some hold the mountain streams; but if you want lake and river fishing combined, with a turn to the sea water for salmon trolling, try the Albernis. And if trout and salmon pall on you, take a run down to Sechart and go out with a whaler and see them "cast" for whales with a harpoon gun, or join the Siwash canoe fleet and try your luck deep-sea fishing for eighty-pound halibut and red and black cod.

It's dead certain you can extract a fresh thrill from all the variety that this new country holds in the way of angling. The last time I saw Lost Shoe Creek it was "boiling" with trout, rainbows and steelheads, and a dozen casts hooked as many fish. Any more would have been rank slaughter.

Indian Joe met me at Stamp River Falls with five big steelheads which he had just "snaked in" with a primitive gaff attached to a long stick, the gaff being also tied to a stout line. As the trout swam into the rapids to run the falls, Joe would strike the barb in sharp, loose the cord and rush the fish in, tap it with the club handle, and drop it on the rocks.

He grinned and said "Heap ketch um

SOMASS RIVER FALLS

FLY FISHING ON STAMP RIVER

when sun go down." And with long casts and small flies the steelheads did rise at the first strokes of twilight. They fought like devils, too. And not everyone was reeled to the net, either. The Stamp waters and McBride Creek and Somass River are all good trout streams. And no flies or mosquitoes, thank God.

Alberni is a sleepy little town just now. When the rails come in next September there will be a rush of the Izaak Waltons to this locality. And then Buttles Lake and Myra River will be the great unexplored, and the restless among the fishermen will "trek" into those wild haunts and whip again the almost virgin waters. The Somass slips quietly into and past the village, but higher up it spins its currents into the finest and most feathery lace imaginable. Mount Arrowsmith looms, snowclad, far beyond, and an Alpine serenity stretches across towards sunset.

Sproat Lake has some good trout, and wary, and the joke of the fishing there is that you may cast or troll for as long as you like and maybe finish up disgusted with a couple of two-pounders, and then hitch up and go a little further to Great Central Lake and quit because the fish are too plentiful and hungry.

There are some whoppers in Great Central Lake. Even Indian Joe will admit this. But he likes the old style angling best. The scenery everywhere is exquisite.

McBRIDE CREEK, NEAR ALBERNI

and prettier bits of water you will not find than Stamp River Falls, the Somass Falls and many a stretch of current on McBride Creek and Ash River.

At the Sea Arm, the famous Alberni Canal, you can take a hand-line and troll a couple of hours to a total of half-a-dozen or a dozen lusty salmon; but after the first thrill or two it is better to take a rod and reel them in. Five to twenty-five pounders, they give good fight, and you get the "difference" in the "feel" and the variety in the "playing."

If you want to take a guide and go deep into Buttles Lake and its rivers and streams, you will find some yet unscored water. And a launch trip from Port Alberni across the Ucluelet trail and thence to Lost Shoe Creek and Sand Creek will land you into the real old Robinson Crusoe solitudes. But in there you will not fish very long for sheer satiety. But you can camp on the beach and see the eagles cross and re-cross in flocks, and hear the hiss of forty-foot breakers as they storm at the crested outshore islands.

After all your fishing, friend, the new countries have their own especial lure. And whether it is the tang of the wilderness or the deep silence of the cross-trails, the rush of the mountain, glacier-fed streams, or the mirrored mountain lakes at twilight, the spell is there. As it was in the old Adirondack days; as it was in the Idaho lakes in the early "sixties"; as is was before Nipigon was meshed with fly-rods; as it is *now,* in the Albernis, on Vancouver Island.

INDIAN JOE
"He knows where the big ones are"

British Columbia's Fifty-Seven Varieties

ASHCROFT TO HAZELTON

By W. E. Playfair

WHILE there is only one British Columbia, there are so many kinds of it that he is a brave man indeed who can say he knows the province and get away with it. City dwellers on the coast are satisfied with their lot—they have a right to be—but they know as little about the greater British Columbia as the Patagonian wots of Gay Paree. In justice to them it must be said that they care as little. One of these days, however, they will "wake up." That big country that stretches away north, and ever north, from Vancouver is coming out of its drowse, beginning to stretch a little, and yawn. It is worth Vancouver's while to adopt it before some other city across the Rockies reaches out for the lusty infant.

A little jaunt from Ashcroft, the so-called "Gateway of the Cariboo," to Prince Rupert, the Pacific outlet of the central interior, is a strenuous enterprise, but of great educational value. It leads the wayfarer through a dozen or so of the fifty-seven varieties of British Columbia, and, without dallying long on the journey, it is possible to get a glimpse of the immense natural wealth that awaits the coming of the Grand Trunk Pacific. That wealth has always been there, but without transportation facilities it has been absolutely worthless. Now that the steel is pushing its way west from the Yellowhead and east from Rupert things are happening with startling rapidity: towns are springing up on the fur preserves of the "Old Company," ranchers are pushing in to reap the rich harvest now ripe for them, the rocks are beginning to show up their mineral hoards.

Ashcroft itself is in what might be called the "Arizona" of British Columbia. Sagebrush covers the brown hills in this dry belt, and the sun beats down in midsummer to the tune of 110 above zero. Men in that belt are bronzed and burned like Mexicans. Furthermore, they are patriotic to the extent that they believe the good land of the province begins and ends at their borders. It is a rich country, because wherever water strikes, the

ON THE TRAIL—GETTING READY FOR THE "DIAMOND HITCH"

INDIAN GRAVEYARD AT FORT GEORGE—MONUMENT CARVED IN GREEK CHARACTERS

soil will grow the most wonderful crops: alfalfa, potatoes—who has not heard of Ashcroft spuds?—fruit of all kinds; but after all it is only one of British Columbia's varieties.

Sitting in front of one of Ashcroft's hotels a greybeard inhabitant warned me solemnly not to penetrate any farther north.

"But I am just going for a look, see, not to stay," I protested. "Surely there is nothing fatal in that?"

"No use," said the ancient one. "Nothing up there worth seeing. Better stay here."

Here is a curious fact—Ashcroft belittling the northern country, despite the other fact that Ashcroft trade has been booming for three years just because of the opening-up of the northern country. Yet it is not so curious, because in another season Ashcroft will no longer hold the title "Gateway to the Cariboo." President Charles M. Hays, of the Grand Trunk Pacific, whom I met at Hazelton, informed me that by the opening of navigation on the Fraser next spring the railway company would be operating its own boats from Tete Jaune Cache to Fort George, bringing down from Edmonton via the completed portion of the line to Tete Jaune Cache all the supplies for construction as well as for the people of the country. Goods can be floated cheaply down the Fraser as far as Soda Creek and from there distributed into the very heart of the Ashcroft stronghold. Alas, poor "Gateway!"

For today the least describable aspect of the Cariboo and the Central Interior in general is the lack of transportation facilities, a lack that ensures grievous freight rates to the people who settle there. Goods destined for the Central Interior are shipped to Ashcroft via the Canadian Pacific, and thence reshipped by Cariboo wagons up the long, long road to Soda Creek. The freight rate to Soda Creek from Ashcroft is four cents a pound. The boat takes the freight at this point and charges two cents more to deliver it at Fort George. That makes six cents from Ashcroft, plus the rate on the railroad. Try importing a shipment of stoves into Fort George, and you may discover that the freight bill is higher by dollars than the original cost of the goods. This will explain to you why hardware is rare and expensive in the "upper country." I believe that a souvenir-hunting tourist who collected spoons, forks and knives from hotel tables up there would be lynched without benefit of clergy.

To return to the "Ashcroft attitude." When finally I reached the interior, I was amazed to find so many people there. They must assuredly be hearts of oak. From the "Gateway" north to Soda Creek every native warns the traveller to turn back. The story was always the same, that it was impossible to grow anything in the north, that summer frosts devastated the potatoes, that the land was covered with impenetrable growth of timber. How a settler from another country manages to brave that battery remains a mystery to

CATALIN'S PACK TRAIN, SUPPLYING THE GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPH LINE

me. I was myself on the point of growing discouraged, and only the stoicism that enables a newspaperman to go through with an unpleasant assignment held me northward. Then I reached the 150-Mile House, and saw pleasant stretches of cultivated land, acres of potatoes in bloom, ripening grain. I found that the "warnings" had been causeless.

There is little doubt that these Cassandra-like natives are honest enough in their beliefs. There is a long stretch along the Cariboo road north of Clinton that does not tend to make one optimistic. The road ascends to a high, dry plateau, and follows the summit for many miles. On this plateau you cannot raise anything but cattle. The residents there seem to forget or not to know that up towards the 150-Mile House the road descends again, until at Fort George the altitude is practically the same as at Ashcroft.

The romance has not yet departed from the Cariboo road, although this great thoroughfare, like the Telegraph Trail, will very shortly don humdrum garments and lose its old-time individuality. The mule team has followed the bull team into oblivion, but even today the picturesque element is supplied by the great freighting outfits, two and three canvas-covered wagons—narrow-gauge prairie schooners, they are—drawn by teams of six, eight or ten horses. These freighters spend about a month on the round trip between Ashcroft and Soda Creek, and 20,000 pounds is a fair average load. At four cents a pound this means $800 a trip for the freighter.

The automobile dashes up the road with its passengers at the speed allowed by law, and then some; but the freighter remains to care for the heavy stuff. He is a fixture, just as is the mail stage, with its four horses. The latter vehicle is the nearest approach to the old-time stage coach to be found in British Columbia. With changes of horses every twenty-five miles or so, one of these stages can cover the 167 miles between Soda Creek and Ashcroft in astonishingly quick time.

Between Soda Creek and Quesnel is to be found a remarkable state of affairs, farmers growing rich quickly on farms of ordinary size, from seventy to 200 acres. From the village of Alexandria up, the east bank of the Fraser is lined with fertile ranches, where oats, timothy hay and potatoes are the staples. From these products alone farmers are netting as high as $20,000 a year. This beats gold mining.

The rapid development of the district is responsible for this farmer's paradise in raising prices to a very high level. Hay sells on the farm at from $65 to $85 per ton, while oats bring seven cents a pound. Nothing is quoted by the bushel in this country. Grain and potatoes go by the pound when you can afford to budge them at all. You can easily compute how much it costs to feed your horse, for example. If you give him seven pounds of oats three times a day—a millionaire might do such

SIX-MILE LAKE, SIX MILES EAST OF FORT GEORGE

a thing—he will eat you out of house and home at the rate of $1.47 per day.

Added to this very favorable economic phenomenon—favorable at least to the farmer—is the fact that the soil in the district is wonderfully productive. An average yield of oats is 3,000 pounds to the acre, while three tons of timothy to the acre is considered fair. The rainfall is sufficient to obviate the necessity of irrigation, except in the case of timothy hay, which crops more heavily when plentifully watered. The land here has for the most part been lightly timbered with cottonwood and spruce, woods that are always to be found in the central interior on rich soil. A deep vegetable loam with clay subsoil is the usual soil formation.

From Quesnel the old Cariboo road turns east to Barkerville, the ancient shanty city that is propped up in the old bed of Williams Creek, the richest creek in the world. Of Barkerville and its destiny there is yet another story to tell, but it can wait for the present. Here, however, is still another of the many varieties of British Columbia.

The road to Fort George from Quesnel lies across the Fraser River via the government pontoon ferry, and along the route followed by the government telegraph line to the Yukon as far as Blackwater, from which point a road has been put through to Fort George. During the summer season the universal route to Fort George is by steamer on the Fraser, embarking either at Soda Creek or Quesnel. Flat-bottomed river vessels with powerful engines fight up the current at surprising speed and drift down again, catching their breath again on the return trip. The journey from Soda Creek to Fort George is made in something over a day and a half by the British Columbia Express Company's steamer "B.X."

Fort George, the centre of central British Columbia, is coming into newspaper prominence since our visit there, owing to the settlement of the Indian reserve question. While I was at Fort George the people there were anxiously awaiting news as to the result of the negotiations between the Grand Trunk Pacific and the stubborn aborigines. What this reservation question means to Fort George is worthy of some explanation.

The railway line from the Yellowhead follows the south bank of the Fraser River to the point where the Nechaco empties. Here it crosses the Fraser and follows the south bank of the Nechaco River to Fraser Lake. The point at the junction of the Fraser and Nechaco, for many years occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company and the Fort George Indians, is the location of the new Fort George. The town proper is situated on a level plateau directly west of the Indian reserve. The railway company has been endeavoring for a long time to secure the reservation for its own purposes, Fort George being the ideal location for a divisional point and distributing centre. It has just been announced that the Indians have signed up, so that there is, no doubt, great rejoicing in Fort George. This much-talked-of town seems

THE FAVORITE ROUTE TO FORT GEORGE IS BY STEAMER

to have before it a very bright future. It is undoubtedly the most favorably situated point for a city in the central interior. It has adjacent to it an enormous area of agricultural land, which, although covered for the most part by second-growth timber, is very easily cleared and offers an extremely rich soil. Already there are some three hundred pre-emptors in the district immediately surrounding Fort George, and the land is being rapidly taken up. The provincial government facilitated settlement in this district by reserving for pre-emption only a very large tract of land north of the Nechaco River, some of which is the richest in the entire district. This land has been surveyed in quarter sections, a fact which makes easy the task of selecting a homestead.

We had been told farther down the Cariboo road that on passing the 150-Mile House we would see no more farming. At Fort George we found the best gardens on the entire route from Ashcroft to Hazelton. Potatoes seem to be the staple crop as yet, no doubt for the reason that they bring enormous prices in that region so far from railroad transportation. Such vegetables as lettuce, cabbage, beets, etc., grow in great profusion, and I saw tomatoes ripening on the vine on a farm four miles from Fort George. This seems to do away with the argument that summer frosts make gardening in the north impossible. As is natural in a new country, frosts are experienced at times in the summer, but already even with the small degree of cultivation possible at this stage these are disappearing, and no doubt the central interior's history will be that of Ontario, Manitoba and other parts of Canada. There seems to be a lot of mining excitement at Fort George this summer, due to the presence of several experts who were engaged in investigating some important quartz claims, discovered immediately west of the townsite. One of these experts told me that Fort George had a great future as a mining centre alone. A curious phenomenon is found here—two distinct masses of rock, each of great extent, are found practically side by side, and each seems to be a solid body of ore bearing values in gold, silver and lead. While it is a low-grade ore, yet the values are such that a tremendous amount of money can be made by development as soon as railroad transportation is at hand. In the meantime almost everybody in Fort George owns a mine. Speaking of mining, when the railroad reaches Fort George it will make that city the supply point for the Cariboo district, which is still a very important mining country, and more important than most Vancouver people suppose. The advent of the railroad will also lead to the development of quartz in the Cariboo. There has been a considerable amount of rivalry between Fort George and the townsite of South Fort George, which is clustered about the old Hudson's Bay post on the Fraser River south of the Indian reserve. The questions at issue between these two townsites have been settled by the fact of the railway acquiring the Indian reserve, which finally locates

STEAMER "B.X." LOADING OATS ON UPPER FRASER RIVER

the route of the line. Fort George will be on the railway and South Fort George will be an important part of the large city which must inevitably spring up here. Thoughtful people of both factions assured me that a great deal of the so-called bitterness existing between the two towns was really imaginary, the rivalry being really kept up by a coterie of unprincipled men at South Fort George, not at all representative of the citizens of that place in general, whose motives were as selfish as their methods were unpleasant.

With the inauguration of the Grand Trunk Pacific steamer service referred to previously in this article, Fort George will, as early as next spring, see a tremendous activity. It will become automatically the supply point for the entire Cariboo district, as well as for points west along the Grand Trunk Pacific line.

Railroad construction both east and west from Fort George will be undertaken early next season. While at Fort George Hon. Thomas Taylor, Minister of Public Works in British Columbia, was there on one of his tours of inspection. "Good Roads" Taylor, as he is very properly called, waxed enthusiastic in telling me of his plans for public highways through Central British Columbia. In a general way the scheme is to construct a wagon road from Fort George to Hazelton paralleling the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific. As this will materially aid the railway in getting in supplies for its construction, the Grand Trunk Pacific will defray part of the expenses. The line will follow the Stony Creek trail from Fort George to Tsinkut Lake, and from there the Telegraph Trail to Hazelton. At present construction from the east has reached Mud River, 15 miles from Fort George, and from the west, from Hazelton to South Bulkley, about 90 miles. Another completed stretch is from Tsinkut Lake to Fraser Lake, a distance of about 35 miles. Since returning to Vancouver I have been told that a party is attempting to go through from Fort George to Hazelton by automobile. While wishing these gentlemen all success, I am of the opinion that

ANGLICAN CHURCH AT FORT GEORGE, FINANCED AND BUILT IN TEN DAYS

an airship would be a more favorable vehicle for the journey. If an automobile can be pushed through over the telegraph trail it will be necessary for the party to clear a roadway that should be an enormous help to the government scheme of road building. The present trail through the central interior is not at all an easy one for the inexperienced traveller. When the government road at Mud River is left behind it plunges straight across the country like a Roman road, paying no heed to what mountains, swamps or forests may lie in its path. The Indians who blazed this trail many years ago knew nothing of grades. When they came to a mountain they went up one side and down the other. When they came to a bog they went straight across. Nobody has thought it necessary to change the system since, so that riding a horse over the Stony Creek of Telegraph Trail is an arduous task. Where fires have gone through the country some years ago the dead trees have fallen, as if by a prearranged plan, directly across the trail. One half-day was devoted during this trip to covering seven miles over dead falls.

Travelling west from Fort George one strikes at Mud River a number of ranches, some of which have been under cultivation for several years. The valley of this river, as is the case with practically all the rivers of the country, is exceedingly fertile. In state of nature a growth of cottonwood and spruce covers the valleys, and when this is cleared (a comparatively easy task for the settler) the rich loam produces luxuriant crops. Hay and other crops grow as profusely as the natural pea vine, which in some cases is higher than a man's head.

West again from Mud River the trail passes through some very good timber along the Nechaco River. This, like the timber on the Willow River to the east of Fort George, is tributary to that town, and will build up a very profitable industry. The chief wood on the Nechaco is fir, while on the Willow cedar is also found. Little cultivation is seen along the trail after leaving Mud River until Cluculz Lake is reached. Towards the head of this lake, which is some 20 miles in length, some splendid ranches are found. Great fields of oats, potatoes and timothy hay are to be seen. This is what is generally known as the Nechaco Valley, widely advertised as an agricultural community. It reaches practically from Cluculz Lake to Fraser Lake, and extends on the north shore of the river as well. There are some old and prosperous farms in this region, although lack of transportation facilities has hindered progress to a great extent. At Nechaco post office, two miles east of Stony Creek, we saw men setting up the first binder ever imported to the country. It was a great curiosity and a great luxury as well, seeing that it had to be brought in by wagons all the way from Ashcroft, some 400 miles.

Speaking of government roads, the writer in an English magazine recently criticized the methods employed in British Columbia, stating that the plan in vogue was to "cut down the trees as near the ground as possible and let wagons and Nature do the rest." Doubtless there are some stumps on the wagon road to Fraser Lake, but on the whole the road is in excellent condition and has very easy grades. Before criticizing road-building in the central interior, we must know something of the trails that preceded the roads. To the settler of the district the present highways look as good as street

A NATURAL MEADOW IN THE FORT GEORGE DISTRICT

pavements. Once I ventured to belittle a certain stretch of road in the hearing of an old-timer, and I will never do it again. He informed me that he had used a pack trail for thirty years, and if I did not appreciate the difference between that road and a pack trail I should remain in Vancouver. The completed wagon road across the country included in Mr. Taylor's scheme will be the greatest boon to all the settlers in the interior and a tremendous aid to settlement.

At Fort Fraser the Nechaco narrowly avoids running into Fraser Lake, winding southward past the foot of the lake at about half a mile distance. A creek connects Fraser Lake with the river. This creek, like the Nechaco itself, is navigable for specially constructed river boats, so that a chain of waterways extends from Tete Jaune Cache to the head of Fraser Lake and even up the Endaco River to the west. The steamer Chilco, which was wrecked last year on the Upper Fraser, made a number of successful trips to Fraser Lake, and on one occasion went several miles up the Endaco.

The Hudson's Bay post of Fort Fraser is situated at the foot of the north side of the lake, next door to a considerable Indian village. The agricultural possibilities of the district are abundantly demonstrated by the crops seen growing on the Hudson's Bay farms. Here one may see a fair test of the agricultural capacity of the district, because the land has been under cultivation for many years. Oats grow higher than a man's head and yield very heavily, while the potatoes compare most favorably with those grown in the dry belt.

Although the government road is completed for some ten miles along the south shore of Fraser Lake, the present travelled route is by the Telegraph Trail on the north shore. In order to follow the government road one must ford two streams, both deep, which is a very damp experience. The Telegraph Trail is somewhat better travelling than the Stony Creek, but has the same peculiarities. The large numbers of cattle driven over this trail to supply the needs of the railroad camps in the Bulkley Valley work havoc with the grazing along the road, so that towards the end of the season horses do not thrive when they trust to the grass.

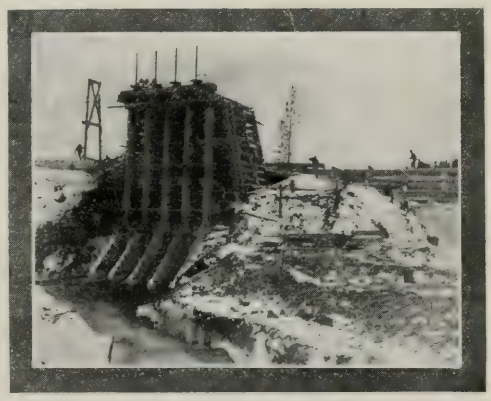
Interesting relics of former days are still to be met with on the old Telegraph Trail.

Years ago, when the Field cable across the Atlantic was still an experiment, a company was formed in San Francisco to build an overland telegraph line from America to Europe via Behring Strait and Siberia. The entire enterprise, one of the most daring ever planned, was based on belief that the transatlantic cable would

THERE IS GOOD FISHING IN THE NORTHERN RIVERS

prove a failure. The line was constructed from San Francisco north through British Columbia, then practically an unknown wilderness, and had reached as far as the Naas River north to Hazelton when news came that the cable was a success. The millions of dollars spent in the telegraph project were a complete loss. Material such as wire and the cables, purchased for taking the line across Behring Strait, was abandoned where it was, and the old telegraph trail which had been cut through by the construction gangs was left to the Indians for many years. When the Dominion government planned its telegraph line to the Yukon, the old telegraph trail was followed throughout its length in British Columbia. Even today, passing along that trail, one may find old wire tramped into the mud by the feet of horses In the Indian villages along the way many uses have been made of the old telegraph wire. Toboggans and snow-shoes are bound with this stout old material, for wire was hand-made and expensive in those days. Such weapons as fish spears and gaffs are pointed with wire, and at the village of Hagwelget, three miles east of Hazelton, a very ingenious suspension bridge has been constructed by the natives with the aid of this cable. Many places along the trail through the interior are named from old telegraph days. The Bulkley Valley has its name from Colonel Bulkley, the chief of construction on the telegraph line, who once passed a winter beside the Bulkley River, which is also named after him. Telegraph Creek, above Hazelton, is another instance.

Today, although travel along the Cariboo road and other main lines has changed greatly in its character, neither the automobile nor the wagon has as yet penetrated to the stretch between Fraser Lake and the Bulkley. All freight comes into this country by pack train in the summer and by men's backs in the winter. You will meet His Majesty's mail coming down from Aldermere to Burns Lake on the back of stout little cayuses. You will see a settler bring-



HYDRAULIC WORKS ON QUESNEL RIVER

READY TO "HIT THE GRIT"—ENGINEERS AT FORT GEORGE

ing in his effects strapped to the backs of horses. In one case I saw the settler himself walking behind his train carrying a stove on his back. The oldest settler in the Bulkley Valley is one Lacroix, whose pre-emption is situated on the west side of Round Lake, near Aldermere. Lacroix came into the country nine years ago, when there was no thought of a railroad. His wife possessed a bedroom set very dear to her heart, and she insisted that it be taken into the country along with the other supplies. At Hazelton Lacroix faced the problem of stowing such matter as a mahogany dresser on board a pack horse. It floored him for a while, but finally he managed to secure horses big enough, and today he will probably show you the furniture, somewhat battered, but still mahogany, in the best room of his log cabin.

The village of Stella, at the head of Fraser Lake, is the site of another Indian village of large proportions. It is a curious fact in this country that the Indians hold the pick of the land everywhere. At Stella the tribe has 2,011 acres of bottom land, and cultivate perhaps three acres. At Fort Fraser the Indians have some 1,500 acres of the best land. It is the same story all along the line. From the head of Fraser Lake the trail plunges into the real wilderness. You will meet an occasional Indian pack train and an occasional working-man walking from Hazelton to Fort George in quest of work, but you will never see a farm or a sign of cultivation until you reach the foot of Burns Lake, where there is one ranch and a small Indian settlement. There is good grazing in many parts of this stretch, and probably some fertile valleys, but the country is badly broken up as a rule. The shore of Burns Lake on the north side, where the trail follows, is exceedingly rough and rocky. Just at the head of the lake, surrounding the Burns Lake telegraph cabin, is a small valley erroneously described as the beginning of the Bulkley Valley. As a matter of fact, this valley is distinct, as the waters here feed the Endaco River and ultimately find their way to the Fraser. Here is the future distributing point on the Grand Trunk Pacific for the Babine country to the north and the Francois Ootza Lake districts on the south. It will no doubt be a considerable agricultural centre some day, and we were told that there were large areas of good land both to the north and to the south.

Decker Lake, the next in the chain, and also tributary to the Endaco, has some very good land towards its west. Then comes the Height of Land and the Bulkley Valley.

Very vague opinions seem to exist at the coast with regard to the extent of this

PARTY OF ENGINEERS FORDING THE MUD RIVER

valley. It is generally described as about two hundred miles in length, but the real Bulkley Valley is only about eighty miles long, stretching from Aldermere on the west to South Bulkley on the east. This comprises a great deal of excellent land, especially along the river bottom. The McInnis brothers, who own a large ranch at North Bulkley, have 840 acres of bottom land. The crops on this ranch are really marvellous, but they are only a fair sample of the other ranches in this valley. Here again astonishing prices for farm produce prevail. I heard of 15 cents a pound for oats. This state of things is due to the Grand Trunk Pacific construction, which has brought a large population into the valley, as well as many hundreds of horses. The valley has learned something from its experience of last year, when there was a potato famine in the district, and this season I was told five hundred tons of potatoes will be produced in the country. This should supply any reasonable demand. The Grand Trunk Pacific right-of-way is now cleared as far east as South Bulkley. Over ninety miles from Hazelton work is proceeding on grading for perhaps twenty miles east of Hazelton. A close survey of the proposed line from Fort George to the Bulkley Valley leads me to believe that as soon as the tunnelling east of Hazelton is completed the G. T. P. will have one of the easiest roads to build in America. There seem to be no engineering difficulties, a good grade all the way, and even very little soft land. President Hays, whom I met at Hazelton, assured me that the line would be completed in 1914, allowing for all possible delays. Delay in the past has been due to the difficulty of getting supplies into the country. Next year the completion of the railroad bridge over the Skeena will facilitate the transportation of supplies from the west, while the inauguration of the railroad steamship service on the Upper Fraser will solve the problem on the eastern side.

Aldermere, situated on the north side of the Bulkley, opposite the mouth of the Telkwa, is a small village, the centre of a good farming community, and today booming, on account of the number of railroad employees in the district. Its river town of Telkwa is situated on the same side of the river, but immediately on the bank. Telkwa has sprung up since the railroad excitement. While the people of Aldermere will admit that their town is bound to disappear after the railroad comes through—passing, by the way, on the opposite side of the river—they will never agree that Telkwa will have the town. The Grand Trunk Pacific has pur-

ASHCROFT IS TODAY THE "GATEWAY TO THE CARIBOO"

chased a large tract of level land on the south side of the Bulkley, some three miles east from Telkwa, and it is generally believed that this will be the townsite. To add to this, it is known that from the point mentioned lies the best grade to the Copper River mining district, to which the Grand Trunk Pacific has projected a branch. In addition to its great agricultural possibilities, Aldermere is bound to be a large mining centre. Here, or near here, large coal areas have been located both by the Grand Trunk Pacific and by other companies. It is freely predicted that Aldermere will one day be the largest town between Prince Rupert and Fort George. To the west of Aldermere fifty-six miles is Hazelton, today perhaps the most interesting settlement of British Columbia. Hazelton is situated for the most part on an Indian reserve. Only nine acres of the townsite belong to the white man. For the rest you will see the strange spectacle of the white man renting his lot from the Siwash, and actually paying his rent. They are prosperous Indians at Hazelton, although this town, too, is destined to move as soon as the railway is completed. Hazelton is one of the most charmingly located towns in British Columbia. Old Roche Deboule stands to the east, and frowns or smiles all day, depending on the weather. Every time you look at him he is different, and all in all, he is the most interesting mountain I have ever seen. He has other points of interest, too, because a large number of mineral claims have been located round about. Gold, galena and copper have all been found on the flanks of Roche Deboule. Both down the Skeena and up you can see snow-capped hills, the Kispiox Mountains, the Seven Sisters, which are really nine, and many others. The one topic of debate in Hazelton today is where the new town is to be situated. The town of old Hazelton is located on a small peninsula between the Bulkley and the Skeena. The railroad crosses the Skeena some miles below Hazelton, and follows the south bank of the Bulkley, so that Hazelton is cut off by the river from the line. Certainly the city that is bound to spring up in the midst of this productive region will be on the railroad, but where? It seems very likely that the point east of

OAT FIELD AT THE MOUTH OF COTTONWOOD RIVER, ABOVE QUESNEL

the Skeena and south of the Bulkley will be the final choice. A number of townsites have been projected along the railway line for many miles, but mature consideration seems to point to this peninsula, and, of course, the land surrounding it, as the probable townsite. The Grand Trunk Pacific is already interested in the townsite of Ellison, which adjoins this peninsula. The Hazelton district has a larger population of Indians than any other in British Columbia. There are many tribes and many languages on and near the Skeena River here. The old customs are passing rapidly, however, and the time would seem to be ripe for the government to collect the necessary information for its archives. One thing that strikes the stranger about the Indians is the fact that so many religious denominations exist. From Fort George on the east to Hagwelget three miles east of Hazelton, all the Indians are Roman Catholics. At Hazelton the tribe belongs, as one man, to the Church of England. South down the Skeena the Siwash are solidly Methodist. Six miles up the Skeena is to be found a Salvation Army village. Farther north again the Methodists hold sway. Near Kitselas is a village known as the Holy City, where they have a religion all their own.

A City Afternoon

By EDITH WYATT

(From "McClure's Magazine")

Green afternoon serene and bright, along my street you sail away
Sun-dappled like a ship of light that glints upon a rippled bay.
Afar, freight-engines call and toll; the sprays flash on the fragrant grass;
The children and the nurses stroll; the charging motors plunge and pass.
Invisibly the shadows grow, empurpling in a rising tide
The walks where light-gowned women go, white curb, gray asphalt iris-dyed.
A jolting trolley shrills afar; nasturtiums blow, and ivy vines;
Wet scents of turf and black-smoothed tar float down the roof-trees' vergent lines.
Where will you go, my afternoon, that glints so still and swift away,
Blue-shaded like a ship of light bound outward from a wimpled bay?
Oh—thrilling, pulsing, dark and bright, shall you, your work, your pain, your mirth,
Fly into the immortal night and silence of our mother earth?
She bore all Eden's green and dew, and Persia's scented wine and rose,
And, flowering white against the blue, acanthus leaf and marbled pose.
And deep the Maenad's choric dance, Crusader's cross, and heathen crest
Lie sunk with rose and song and lance all veiled and vanished in her breast.

And all those afternoons once danced and sparkled in the sapphire light
And iris shade as you have glanced, green afternoon, in vibrant flight.
As, down dim vistas echoing, dead afternoons entreat our days,
What breath of beauty will you sing to souls unseen and unknown ways?
How close and how unanswering, green afternoon, you pulse away,
So little and so great a thing—deep towards the bourne of every day.

Astronomical and Meteorological Notes

By T. S. H. Shearman

Director Vancouver Meteorological Observatory

PROPERLY speaking, there is not a single astronomical observatory in British Columbia, and in consequence our shipping and other interests are dependent upon an institution nearly 3,000 miles away. I have for several years past advocated the establishment of an observatory in Vancouver for the purpose of distributing time to the shipping, the testing and rating of chronometers, and, in case of accident, to render our time service independent of the fragile telegraph wire that now brings "time" from the McGill University Observatory at Montreal to this city. In 1904 I drew the attention of the Federal member for Vancouver to the need for such an observatory, and, upon my appointment as meteorologist for Vancouver, I was assured that my station would ultimately become an astronomical observatory; but months and years have rolled by and nothing has been done. During the past few months, however, the British Columbia Academy of Science and the Vancouver Board of Trade have taken the matter up, and each body has passed resolutions urging the government to establish an observatory for this purpose, and also for use in connection with certain practical science classes in the British Columbia University soon to be erected at Point Grey. It is, of course, "up to" the Provincial Government to assist in the latter part of the undertaking.

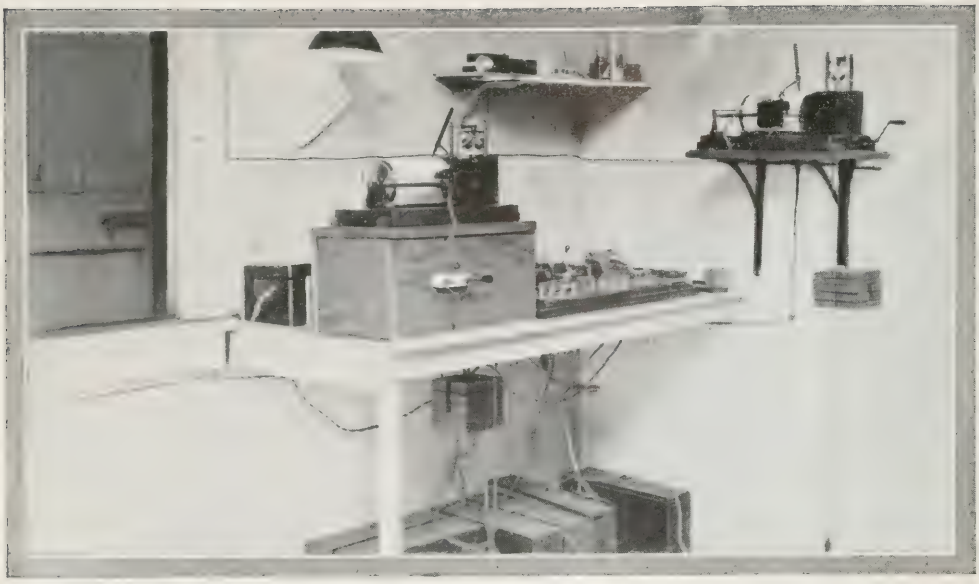
Whilst it is true that no properly equipped permanent observatory exists in this province, there is at Brockton Point, in Stanley Park, a small observatory that is occasionally used by the astronomers from the Dominion Observatory, Ottawa, whenever they are in this province, for the purpose of getting the longitude of new places or for correcting the longitude of places that may be required for geodetic or other purposes. It was also used by Dr. Otto Klotz in his round-the-world longitude operations.

During the spring and summer months of 1911 Mr. W. C. Jacques, M.A., of the Dominion Observatory, Ottawa, used this observatory for the determination of the longitude of Prince Rupert, Field, and

THE TRANSIT INSTRUMENT. MR. JACQUES OBSERVING

BROCKTON POINT OBSERVATORY, STANLEY PARK

several other places; and whilst this work was in progress the writer was privileged to be present at several of the time exchanges and to see the methods of this most skilled astronomer. Mr. Jacques uses the identical transit instrument employed by Dr. Klotz in the work just referred to. In the ordinary transit instrument the astronomer uses an eye-piece having in its focus several "wires" or spider lines, and when the instrument is turned upon its axis the centre wire in this reticle exactly follows the meridian if the instrument is in perfect adjustment. The difference between the right ascension of a known star and the time shown by the clock or chronometer at the moment of the star's transit over the central wire gives the error of the chronometer. The object in having several wires in the reticle of the ordinary transit instrument is to gain accuracy by taking the mean of five or more observations. In the transit used by Mr. Jacques, however, the ordinary reticle is replaced by a single movable wire, the position of which in the field of view of the telescope is, as it follows the star, registered by a series of signals recorded by electricity on a chronograph. It is outside the scope of the present article to enter into minute details regarding this operation, but the accompanying illustrations will perhaps render this description more intelligible. One photograph shows Mr. Jacques seated at the instrument turning the screws that move the spider thread of the registering micrometer and keeping the star bisected in its passage across the field of view. Another photograph shows the chronographs upon which the stylographic pens record the beats of the chronometer and the signals from the observer at the transit instrument. In the photograph both chronographs are seen to have sheets of paper wrapped upon the cylinders—the stylographic pens resting lightly upon them. These cylinders revolve once a minute by clockwork. Each pen is slowly drawn along by a screw motion, thus leaving a continuous spiral upon the paper. Each pen is carried on the armature of an electromagnet, which receives a momentary current every second from the chronometers —except at the beginning of a new minute. One of the chronometers is seen in the photograph, the other being hidden by the box upon which one of the chronographs is placed. These pens are also connected with the transit instrument, and, as already mentioned, the transit of a star is recorded on the paper, along with the clock signals. Having determined the correct local time by a series of star transits, the observer at Field, or whatever station may be in need of Vancouver time, "switches" his chronometer into the telegraphic circuit and causes its beats to be recorded upon the Van-

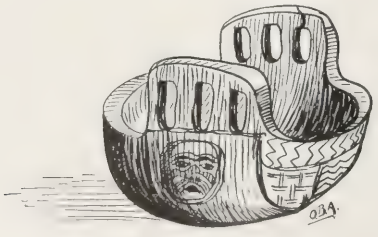


INSTRUMENTS FOR RECORDING AND TRANSMITTING TIME

couver chronograph. After the Field chronometer has recorded its beats for, say, two minutes, it is switched out and the Vancouver observer switches his chronometer into the circuit, thus sending its beats to the Field chronograph. After this is done both astronomers take another series of star transits to determine the error of their chronometers. If the telegraph lines have been kept clear, and no interruptions occur, there will now be found registered on the chronograph sheets a very accurate comparison of both the Field and Vancouver chronometers, showing the amount by which the Vancouver chronometer is slow of Field time. The difference will of course, after the proper corrections have been applied, be the difference of longitude. In other words, as the longitude of the Brockton Point Observatory is already known very accurately, we now have the data for determining the longitude of Field, Prince Rupert, or any other place whose position is not accurately known.

The exterior view of the observatory shows the shutters opened out as they are when observations are being made. The building is divided into two rooms, one for the instruments and the other a computing room.

A small observatory for geodetic purposes will shortly be erected at the Little Mountain reservoir, but of this we may have something to say at another time.



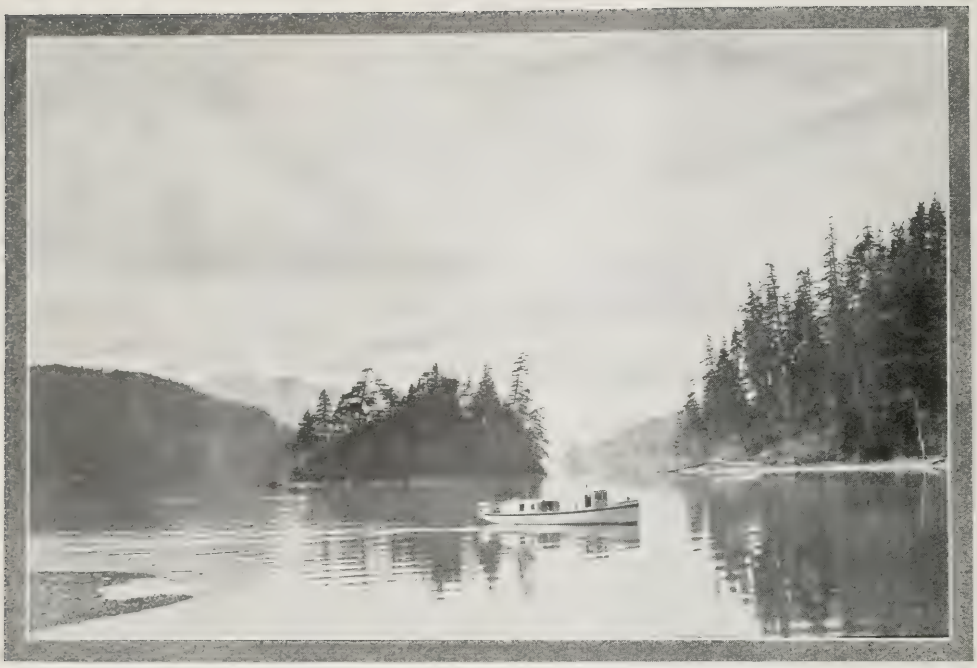
The Resources of Nicola Valley

By E. Mackay Young

NO province of the Dominion, and perhaps no other country in the world, exhibits such diversity of climate as does British Columbia. Less than two hundred miles from Vancouver you enter the Nicola Valley, and you may as well leave your umbrella and your mackintosh behind, for you will seldom, if ever, need them. As one of Gilbert's inimitable characters exclaims: "What, never? Well, hardly ever." But just as Egypt without its Nile would be in a bad way for agricultural purposes, so would the Nicola dry belt be without its rivers and lakes. Thanks, however, to Nature's compensations, the valley is blessed with such stretches of water as Nicola, Douglas, Mammette and Stump Lakes and the Nicola and Coldwater Rivers, which afford ample means for irrigation. As yet sufficient attention has not been given to irrigation conditions, but of recent years, especially since the completion of the C. P. R. branch line between Spence's Bridge and Nicola, there has been increased cultivation of vegetables, cereals and fruit, and the utilization of water has become an urgent matter. Eight or ten years ago cattle, horse and sheep raising was the principal business of the valley; since then the development of coal mines and the increase in mixed farming have largely added to the wealth of the district.

Nicola Valley includes Upper, Central and Lower Nicola, and extends for about 50 miles, with an average width of one and three-quarter miles. The town of Nicola is 220 miles from Vancouver, 50 miles from Spence's Bridge, and is situated at the outlet of the lovely Lake Nicola. This beautiful lake is embosomed amidst entrancing scenery of hill, forest and dale, a delight to the eye, and a joy to the angler who has whipt from its waters the rainbow and silver trout with which it abounds. Scattered around for miles are ranches, farms and apple orchards, amidst extensive cattle ranges, jewelled in favored spots with the comely homes of the dwellers in this happy valley. It is an ideal pastoral tract. The alluvial soil along the banks of the lakes and rivers is very rich, and large crops of grain, roots and hay are produced. Of recent years fruits have been increasingly cultivated, particularly in the district around Quilchena, on Nicola Lake, about eight miles from Nicola. Cattle and sheep raising is, however, still the main industry of this particular portion of the valley. Around Douglas Lake, which is considerably higher than Nicola Lake, there are some very fine and extensive ranches, and the beef-cattle and horses reared there are of distinctly superior class. In Quilchena district more particular attention of past years has been paid to the raising of sheep. Nevertheless, since the

MINING OPERATIONS AT MIDDLESBORO



A SCENE ON NICOLA LAKE

extension of the railway many ranches throughout the valley have been sold and divided into smaller holdings with the object of the cultivation of agricultural produce and fruit.

Dairying is another industry which during the last three or four years has been appreciably growing throughout the valley, and the butter produced is of first-class quality. With the further expansion of railway communication this branch of produce is bound to show considerable increase within the next few years.

In the lower part of Nicola Valley, at the junction of the Nicola and Coldwater Rivers, known locally as The Forks, there is a triangle of level and exceptionally fertile land. Whilst cattle-raising is the principal industry, mixed farming is being largely carried on, the soil being adapted for growing almost everything that the temperate zone of British Columbia can produce. Here hay and grain provide extensive and lucrative crops. Dairying and the raising of swine have also been successfully pursued as a source of wealth in Lower Nicola. In the Similkameen district, besides stock-raising, the soil is admirably suited to the growing of vegetables, roots and fruit, such as hardy apples, pears, plums and apricots.

Nicola Valley, however, is not only blessed with all the good and green things of the earth, not to mention the good red beef for which it has long been noted, but also possesses incalculable stores of "black diamonds." An extensive part of the valley is highly mineralized, and it is only during the last few years that any systematic attempt has been made to tap the coal seams which have been located for years. In the last geological survey of the valley the coal basins of Nicola were arranged roughly into four groups, as follows:

1. That of the Lower Nicola or Ten-mile Creek basin, about three miles from Coutlee and eight miles from Nicola.

2. That of the Coal Gulley, containing several seams, which have been worked for some years.

3. The Coldwater seam, about a mile and a half to the east, where one seam is exposed in two outcrops on the bank of the river at an interval, between the two exposures, of nearly a fourth of a mile. These are sometimes known as the Garesche-Green area.

4. The Quilchena basin, which is entirely separated from the others and distant about ten miles to the east.

Since that survey several other seams have been located, and there has been ex-

THE ORIGINAL WORKINGS AT COAL GULLEY

tensive working during the past couple of years in the district of Merritt, particularly at the colliery of the Nicola Valley Coal and Coke Company at Middlesboro, the mining township adjoining Merritt. In a recent visit to these mines the writer was informed that extensive additions to plant and machinery were being made, and that a large increase in the future output was expected. As a matter of fact, the output for the month of August broke all records since the company started operations, being 19,460 tons. Moreover, it is estimated that when the new additions and improvements are completed the output will average over 1,000 tons per day. The company now owns 2,661 acres in the Nicola Valley and employs about 500 men, the pay roll for the month of August at Middlesboro having been $45,000. The additions to plant referred to include a new tipple and coal-washery, and a rock tunnel is being driven to connect the company's mines Nos. 4 and 5, so as to enable coal from the former to be hauled out through No. 5 tunnel level. Here is a brief account of the handling of the coal by the latest improved methods, machinery and appliances, from the mine to the point where it is loaded into the cars for shipment:

The loaded pit cars from each mine are conveyed in trips on a loaded track, where they are weighed on a platform scale and passed over a Phillips cross-over dump. The coal is then discharged from a chute to a pair of hanging screens, which are operated from a shaker screen shaft. The coal passing through the shaker screens is gathered on a solid plate screen and discharged, or is fed into the conveyor to the washery. The lump coal passing over the head of the picking conveyor discharges directly into a distributing conveyor, over storage bins, or by the arrangement of a by-pass the lump coal slides into cars on the track for shipment over a box-car loading chute. The rock and slate from the picking conveyor flow by gravity through chutes into the refuse elevator and chute in the coal-washing plant, and are expelled with the refuse from the washer. The horizontal lump coal-distributing conveyor has a capacity of 100 tons per hour, operating at a speed of 100 feet per minute. Thus by these briefly described operations the lump coal may be either distributed into the storage bins or loaded directly into cars from the head of the picking conveyor.

The means by which the clean coal is separated from the slack and refuse matter is an interesting operation. The coal, passing the 2½-in. holes, is discharged from

THE OLD STYLE NICOLA STAGE, 1906

the head of the conveyor into what is called a raw coal feeding bin in the washing plant, and from there passes into a standard Stewart Jumbo jig. In this jig, which has a capacity of 45 tons of raw coal an hour, the clean coal is separated from the slack and refuse—like the wheat from the chaff, as it were. This refuse flows to the bottom of the jig, from which it is gathered into a perforated bucket elevator having a capacity of 10 tons an hour, and operating at a speed of 20 buckets a minute. Thence it flows into a refuse chute or hopper, fixed outside the building.

Having got rid of the "chaff" or refuse, the clean or washed coal passes over the top of the jig and is flumed in the washed coal sluice to a revolving draining steel plate screen with five-sixteenths of an inch round perforations. This screen is the dewatering screen of the coal-washing plant, and separates the washed coal from the fine coal and water. The latter, passing through the draining screen, drops into a settling tank, and the fine coal is then hoppered or gathered into a washed-coal perforated bucket elevator which has a capacity of 40 tons an hour, and operates at a speed of 20 buckets a minute. The washed slack is in the meantime discharged from the head of the elevator on to a washed slack bin, from which it passes over box car chutes into box cars for shipment on the loading truck.

What is called the "over-size" coal, which passes through the draining screen, over five-sixteenths of an inch and through two and a half inch holes, is discharged by gravity into a perforated bucket nut coal elevator, having a capacity of 40 tons per hour and a speed of 20 buckets a minute. The washed nut coal is discharged from the head of the elevator into a conical revolving screen with ¼ in. perforated plate jacket and 3¼ in. round holes. This screen makes washed pea and nut coal, each being discharged into separate bins. The washed slack, pea and nut coal can be bypassed into the lump conveyor and placed in bins or loaded out into cars from the head of the picking conveyor.

The life and work of the coal miner, that hardy, fearless and most potent benefactor of mankind, have many a time and oft been described in "song and story," and the writer will now only pay a passing tribute to his invaluable aid in the development of an industry which is bound to greatly add to the prosperity of the Nicola Valley.

There are, of course, other coal mines being worked in the valley, but the Nicola

THE NICOLA VALLEY LOOKING WEST FROM MIDDLESBORO

Coal and Coke Company appears to have made more rapid progress than most collieries in any part of British Columbia. Beginning operations in Middlesboro only about four years ago, it has more than trebled its average monthly output this year as compared with that of 1909, and there is every prospect of even greater and quicker development in the near future. Besides the recent additions to the company's plant and machinery, the construction of the Kettle Valley railway, now in progress, will undoubtedly give further impetus to coal mining in the district, and the writer was informed that upon its completion the company will probably extend its operations further afield. This increase of railway transportation facilities will be of immense benefit, not only to the coal industry, but also to the agricultural produce and fruit business of the valley. It will provide direct rail communication with the boundary country, to which coal, farm produce and stock can be shipped from Nicola, Merritt and any other intermediate stations that may be decided upon as the district increases in population.

That the valley is bound to substantially grow in population in the near future is certain, and the city of Merritt has lately led the way. Three years ago it was hardly on the map; now it is an incorporated city of about 1,700 inhabitants. Nicola, Coutlee, Quilchena and other towns in the valley have all been advancing in population and importance, and the whole of Nicola Valley will immensely benefit when the Kettle Valley railway and the Canadian Northern from the North Thompson to the coast, via Fraser and Spence's Bridge, are open for the transportation so long and badly needed.

The importance of the development of the coal resources of the Nicola Valley can scarcely be exaggerated. It is perhaps the best and cleanest burning coal produced in British Columbia, being high in carbon and low in ash. It is unexcelled as a coking coal. Moreover, the Nicola Valley collieries are the nearest and largest coal-producing mines to Vancouver of any on the mainland. The coal area also is immense. It has been estimated by leading geological experts that beneath nearly the whole valley, or at least the major part, the "black diamonds" will be found. As it is there is enough visible coal in the outcroppings to produce 2,500 tons daily for over 200 years, and new seams are being discovered from time to time. So far the development of this wealth-pro-

JEWEL SEAM, NICOLA VALLEY COAL AND COKE COMPANY

ducing industry is only in its early stages. There are now, besides the Nicola Valley Coal and Coke Co., several other important companies in the district, including the Pacific Coast Colliery Co., the Diamond Vale Co., the Hill Syndicate, the Nicola Valley Development Co., and the South Nicola Coal Co. These are all doing considerable and promising work in developing their mines, and there is every prospect of an immense increase in the output of the valley during the next year or two.

It is not in coal alone, however, that the Nicola Valley is bright in promise. The whole district is highly mineralized, gold, platinum, silver, lead and gypsum being found in various parts, and their further development cannot fail to greatly add to the wealth of this dry but fecund belt of British Columbia. Numerous copper claims have been staked throughout the valley, and exceptional values have been obtained in recent operations, especially in the districts of Mammette Lake and Bear Creek. In the former values have run as high as $115 per ton, and at Aspen Grove, another richly mineralized district, they have panned out even higher.

Gypsum is present in paying quantities, and a group of well-known Vancouver men recently acquired an important property in Nicola Valley, and large shipments have already been made.

Platinum is successfully worked in Tulameen district, obtaining the high price of $30 per ounce. Silver-lead ores are being developed at Summit city, while molybdenite is one of the resources of the Aspen Grove and Quilchena districts, which shows every indication of most profitable results.

As to the climate of Nicola Valley, it is dry, clear and just sufficiently bracing. In some parts it is true that the meagre rainfall necessitates irrigation where fruits and agricultural produce are cultivated, but thanks to the abundant stretches of water available throughout the valley, there is no great difficulty in obtaining all the water required for the purpose. Where irrigation was either necessary or of assistance in the growing of fruits, vegetables and wheat, results have been of the highest and most prolific kind. The soil, in fact, of the whole district is exceptionally fertile, and the fruit and agricultural produce of Nicola Valley is rapidly acquiring a ready market beyond its borders.

It is an old, and no doubt hackneyed saying, yet dear to those of British blood, that "trade follows the flag." No less true, and especially applicable to Canada, is it that "trade follows the train," in the sense that it opens up markets for produce, stimulating production and obviating waste. Here is the Nicola Valley, whose verdant pastures teem with the primest of cattle, whose interior is lined with vast mineral wealth which has barely been tapped, and whose pregnant soil brings forth the finest of cereals, fruits and vegetables. Yet it is only since the recent increase of transportation facilities that these magnificent resources have been developed to any considerable degree, and with the still further extension of local railways, now proceeding, the future progress of Nicola Valley in wealth and population is likely to be rapid.

THE story of the geographical names of a new country is largely the story of the pioneers who have laid the foundations of its history. This is true of many of the names in British Columbia, particularly the coast names, which furnish a full palette of story-color of English, Spanish and Indian variety.

Like checkers on a checker board, the early English and Spanish explorers pursued each other around the British Columbia coast, sometimes moving side by side, sometimes one passing over the other and reaching goals which they crowned with names of their own tongues. The native Indian, an alien element in the game, was either driven into a corner or pushed off the board altogether. The Spaniards, however, dropped out of the game long ago, and, single-handed, the Anglo-Saxon race has carried to greater perfection the work of the exploration and development of British Columbia.

Of all the British Columbia coast names which owe their origin to the early pioneers, Vancouver is one of the most historic, scintillating, as it does, with the personality of a great explorer. This is none other than Captain George Vancouver, who in the Discovery sloop of war made a comprehensive survey of this coast in the years 1792 to 1794 and left in his wake a trail of English names as a nucleus for the map-makers of this province. His name adorns the largest island on the coast, as well as the largest city. The story of the naming of the island has become historic. The original appellation was Quadra, and Vancouver himself baptized it thus in commemoration of the kindly feeling existing between himself and the naval officer who at the time represented Spain's interests in this country, and who was as keen to fly broadcast the pennants of Spain as Vancouver was to plant the British flag. On the occasion of the naming of the island, Vancouver and Quadra celebrated their own little Field of the Cloth of Gold in the shape of a picnic which they held together for the purpose of making overtures in the Britannic-Spanish interest. This took place in 1792 in the course of a visit paid to the Nootka chief Maquinna at his summer village at the head of Tahsis Canal. To the credit of England and George Vancouver, the latter's name has triumphed over time, while Quadra's name has long since dropped into the annals of British Columbia history. As for the city of Vancouver, it was first known to geography as Granville, at which time it consisted of a few straggling houses and no prospects. But when it became the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and, in the year 1886, drew fresh life from that institution, no better nor more fitting name could be found for it than the name of the man who 94 years before had figured so prominently in the history of the exploration of the coast of British Columbia. Burrard Inlet and the Strait of Georgia received their names at the hands of this famous English explorer. The one he named as a tribute to his friend Sir Harry Burrard, Bart., R.N., who acted as his lieutenant in the Europa on a trip to the West Indies, and the other in honor of his Majesty King George III. Both names have outlived the names given these waters by contemporary Spaniards.

On Vancouver Island, and almost in a line with Vancouver city, is the large coal city, Nanaimo, the Anglicised form of the Indian name Sne-ny-mo. Like all Indian names, it is a picture-word with a meaning, namely, "The whole," or "A

big, strong tribe." It was so called because a long time ago five Indian tribes, the "Qual-se-olt," the "Saal-a-chin," the "Yee-shee-kan," the "An-no-we-ne," and the "Taw-wat-kan" lived here and formed a loose coalition as a protection against invading forces. One of the Indian chiefs discovered and made known Nanaimo's coal wealth, which the city of Victoria has since worked to great advantage.

Farther up the island coast line we find Comox, once the home of the Puntledge and Sloslute tribes. The name is a corruption of the Indian name Komuckway or Comuckthway, meaning abundance or plenty, so denominated because of the berries and game which abounded there. It was the hunting ground of these Indians until the year 1862, at which date white men began to arrive there, to the abolition and final extinction of the native tribes.

Passing several sign-posts which mark the course of the Spanish explorers, such as Texada Island, Malaspina Strait, and Valdes Island, we track them to Galiano Island, the highest northern point of their explorations. The latter place was named for Dionisio Alcala Galiano, commander of the Sutil, who, in company with Commander Valdes, of the Mexicana, was sent to the coast by Revillagigedo, Viceroy of Mexico, to complete the survey of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. This expedition reached Nootka, the British Columbia Spanish headquarters, in May, 1792, and from that point set out to explore the various channel waters. Meeting Vancouver on the way, they accomplished part of the voyage with him. Entering the Pacific via Goletas Channel, they returned to Nootka on their way back to Mexico. This was the last exploration of the coast made by the Spanish, and the only one whose written report received the attention of the Spanish government of the time. The journal, with chart illustrations, was published in 1802, but was completely overshadowed by Vancouver's work of earlier date.

The islands north of Vancouver Island were not unknown to the English-speaking people of those days. Just here a word may be said for the intrepidity of the early traders who pushed their way so far north in the interests of England and their company, the Messrs. Etches and Company, of London. In 1785 the said company entered into a commercial partnership with other British traders of their city, under title of "The King George's Sound Company," and the combined company sent several vessels to the western coast of North America with a view to establishing a fur trade between that coast and China. The names Queen Charlotte Islands and Princess Royal Island bear witness to the fact that the embassies of the company accomplished their mission well and faithfully, since they have been christened with the names of two of the company's vessels. A couple of years later George Dixon, captain of the Queen Charlotte, made his way up the east coast of Queen Charlotte Islands and discovered the existence of the sound which now bears his name. In 1789 an American trading sloop discovered these islands, and the captain named them Washington, after his vessel. On Great Britain establishing her ownership here, however, the American name had to surrender in favor of the English sister-name. The Princess Royal, which was sent out in 1786 by the same company, also did some trading with the native Haidas and with the natives of the island which she honored with her name.

Passing out from the channel waters by way of Dixon Entrance, the Pacific waters lead us down to the ragged and picturesque east coast of Vancouver Island. A short distance down the coast is a sound of historic interest, called Quatsino, an adaptation of the word Koskimo, the name of a powerful tribe of Indians who once hunted and fished by its waters. A large burial cave is practically all that remains of this picturesque tribe. The conformation of this sound is shown on the charts made by Vancouver and Galiano respectively in the year 1792.

The next point of interest is Cape Cook, a point which was named after America's most famous circumnavigator, Captain James Cook, R.N., the father of British hydrography. It is interesting to note that Cook was just commencing his naval career at the time when George Vancouver was born, and that in 1775 Vancouver,

with a rating as able seaman, sailed with Cook in the Resolution, and the next year accompanied him in his last voyage with the Resolution and Discovery. In this latter year Cook made a general survey of the western coast of North America from 44 deg. north latitude to the Arctic regions, in which was included a plan of Nootka Sound. Nootka was the centre of the disturbance which led to the necessity of the holding of the Peace Conference between Quadra and Vancouver, already mentioned. Nootka Island, with its accompanying sound, be it known, was the camping ground in those days for the rival English and Spanish explorers, and was the centre of the world-famous dispute as to the several rights of Britain and Spain in this province. Cook first gave the sound the name King George, but afterwards changed it to Nootka, under the erroneous impression that it was the Indian name of the place. On this naming the Spaniards hung the crux of their dispute, claiming a priority of discovery under the name San Lorenzo. To enforce their pre-discovery rights Don Manuel Antonio Flores, Viceroy of Mexico, for whom an island on the coast is named, sent his nephew, Estevan Jose Martinez, in charge of an expedition in 1789 to occupy Nootka. This the latter did with ramparts and battery. While there he seized some English vessels, on the ground that they were infringing on Spain's exclusive trade rights, thus nearly precipitating the war which for some time had been imminent. It was only in 1792 that matters were satisfactorily adjusted by Quadra and Vancouver, and Nootka was finally conceded to Great Britain. Since the dismantling of the Spanish flag at Nootka, the Indians have had almost unmolested possession of the place, retaining some of the customs and forms of worship acquired under the Spanish regime.

Our checkerboard of English, Spanish and Indian names on this side of Vancouver Island carries us down to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, whose date of discovery was dry on the pages of history prior to the exploration of the places which form the theme of our narrative. The discovery of the Greek pilot Juan de Fuca met with the fate which is usual to a discovery which anticipates its age, and was treated with incredulity, only to receive the mark of recognition some centuries later.

Following the strait around, we come to Victoria, the capital and rose garden of British Columbia. It was once a fort belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, under name of Fort Albert, afterwards changed to Camosun, which in turn became Victoria when streets began to mark the townsite. It was for a long time the only place of any importance in British Columbia.

A three hours' sail from Victoria brings us back once more to the shores of Vancouver. A glance at some of the names at the northern extremity of the coast shows that the English have been busy carrying on the work of exploration and the development of this great province of British Columbia since Vancouver's time. I need only mention such names as Port Simpson and Prince Rupert, names well known to all.

* * *

IN this vast new plastic country, still being shaped in the big kneading trough of Empire, there are immense and vital forces waiting for a strong, fresh mind to express their humanness and color, using poetry as a medium for writing in prose. On the sidewalks of Vancouver and on her waterfront is much material for a broad free worker who can brush in the color in strong strokes, drowning the detail in the mass with daring, effrontery and spirit, giving it atmosphere with the mists of romance and the glamor of legend and tradition. On the waterfront are many pictures of labor which are rugged and powerful, as well as opulent in color. The epic toil of men and horses, joyous and pagan, goes on every day in its primitive picturesqueness. One of the pictures that wait for a vivid artist to give them form, shape and color may be seen on the New England Fish Company's dock any day when a halibut steamer unloads her catch of fish. The planky milky-bellied halibut are sopped down in shining heaps upon a board staging from the cargo-nets in which they are jerked from the ship's hold. On the platform stand sea-booted,

bare-armed weather-cured workers, slashing off the heads of the fish with great knives like cutlasses. The thing has the look of slaughter, but the slab-shaped fish are already dead, of course. It is a meaty, striking thing to see. Also the swiftness and dexterity of the guillotiners are thrilling. With one chopping blow they decapitate the fish. The strong sun grinning down upon the fish-smelling dock, and the activity on the decks of the black-bowed, high-funnelled steamer, add to the quivering rhythm of the picture.

* * *

ONE hazy afternoon I watched the evening come with silent feet across smoking Vancouver, massed in blue perspective toward the west. As the sun dropped low its long rays pierced the soft obscurity that lay low over Vancouver like a broad lake of water, and melted it to a mist of wonderful color in which the sun floated, a dull-red coal.

The sun went down and a deeper light swept up the fields of sky. On the hill behind which the sun had sunk crimson sparks lit up suddenly as if trolls and brownies were kindling a fire on the mountain. The flat waters of False Creek gleamed and shone with orange radiance, and the city's lights, by twos and threes, flashed and twinkled in the dusky mass like hidden treasures in a robber's cave. Across the wine-dark waters of the Inlet, the indigo mountains with their cabuchons of snow, toned deeper shade by shade, and a torch of red blazing and smoking along the west was all that was left of day.

In the dark shades of dusky warehouses on the C. P. R. wharves is stored a great quantity of merchandise brought lately by steamers from the ultimate coasts of the Orient. The quaint packing, always a delight to the eye, suggests the ancient feudalism under which everything is done by hand, and exemplifies the simple and naive art which the Chinese and a great many of the Japanese put into the commonest things that fill up their day's work. You can see bales wrapped in matting and tied with straw rope, casks and tubs hooped with twisted wooden withes, packages corded with rattan, frails made of rushes and woven grasses, all pleasing in form, as if shaped by artists, all stamped and branded with the symbols and ideographs of the Chinese, and all aromatic of the East. To the imagination they tell of men who speak barbaric tongues and worship strange gods, of walled cities and tall pagodas, of stone Buddhas in temple gardens, caravan transportation and junks with red sails.

A few days ago I watched one of the great ships that brought these fragrant commodities making fast to the wharf. Her crew were Chinese, and the watch on deck, working with eldritch cries, made a spot of wild color, and inflamed the imagination. The assumption that these men were reformed pirates needed no great sweep of fancy. Probably if the true natures of these lovely rascals with basilisk faces were known, they would take their proper romantic value in the life of the waterfront.

* * *

BEHIND us Vancouver was melting away in streams of water. In front of us, across the Inlet, we could see in a blindish way through a liquidity that would have suited kelpies Vancouver's mountains wonderful with snow. It was the rain that washed the story into proper tone, for it was a wet saga.

On another unsunned day I stood watching some Chinese sailormen rigging the tin tea trays they put on the bow, stern and breast lines to keep rats from either leaving the ship or coming aboard. A short, heavy old bull of a seafaring man, as rough and salty as a great fish, said in deep-sea thunder and with his mouth close to my ear, that he wouldn't sign aboard a packet that had no rats in her. A ratless ship, he said, had nothing but bad luck. In a ship from which the rats had been driven all things went awry. The ship's bell, for instance, struck nine bells at noon and midnight, and the sheaves and pins in the blocks rusted in their seatings, so that

sail could not be made, and if anybody whistled for a breeze of wind, the devil sent a gale.

Then he told me some more of the queer things of superstition that belong to the sea. He pointed to where he said his ship, a wooden bark, lay in the stream (I could not see her, for Vancouver lay buried a thousand fathoms deep in fog) and said she always sailed faster at night, because a piece of stolen wood had been mortised into her keel.

* * *

OF things of interest to eye and ear the city is full, but it is the things seen in snapshotting shutter-flicks that photograph themselves on your mind, because of their sharp definition. Some of these exposures are sombre, and darken the vision momentarily; some are bright as the gleam of jewels or the glint of polished metal. Some are touching bits of symbolism; some are tense studies in physiognomy; swift glances sometimes betray conditions hard to believe if the picture were not clothed in the inflexible language of fact. Often the picture which vibrates before our eyes for a moment is of such opulent color and strong significance that it smites the brain into bewilderment, but it is gone before you can check the impression. The city is a whirlpool which sucks into it the best and worst, and certainly the most picturesque; there is an incessant vital movement, which everyone is free to sit still and watch, or join, as he wishes. The song of the city is a thundering paean of triumph, but there is tragedy as well as lurid melodrama, and the flaunting of cap and bells at the very gates of the house of calamity. In the open street, with the strong sunshine flaming down, you will meet tragedy, staggering blindly, his soul hid away, far down inside him with its hands over its face, and close by, the bright face of comedy. But it is the snapshots that print themselves upon the mind as upon a sheet of film. Some of these are instantaneous, some are time-exposures; the long train swinging into the city in linked dissonance, with its smoke streaming out behind it like dark hair; the big sulky engine pulling the eastbound freight out toward the mountains; trolley cars sliding up the street with noises like splitting silk; the sweeping rush of the brass-hilted rubber-shod motor cars; the surge of suddenly congested traffic at a busy corner; the great merchant steamer from the other side of the world poking her black nose past the shore-side trees on the horns of land that squeeze the blue water into the narrow passage which is the gate to the harbor; a motor fire engine humming with vicious clang of its bell, its driver a strong bright-faced youth, reckless and joyous; the blind old newsboy backed against his wall, a grey figure of pathos, holding out the paper he cannot see, new Chinese faces in the detention sheds on the docks, yammering like yellow Peris at the gates of Paradise; an Australian steamer landing its exotic passengers from the antipodes of the earth; a three-funnelled Alaska steamer loading freight for the Yukon River; the Imperial Limited pouring out its tourists drawing deep breaths of wonder after two rich-houred days of mountain scenery and Vancouver for climax; a departmental store door disgorging girls young and natty and chattery; the white flare and spotting of electric signs on the darkness; the lights of moving shipping on the Inlet weaving patterns with the shore lights of North Vancouver.

Little John

By Garnett Weston

LAST night I saw the moon, round and yellow, rise against the east. The Mistress was somewhere in the garden, as was Mr. Henry. At other times it had caused me some concern, but last night I was counting the fortieth moon that has come full and withered since Little John went into the north. It was just such a night when he shouldered his pack and took his farewell of the Mistress down there in the shadow of the east wall of the garden: the place where she went so often in the first months of his absence.

I have counted the full moons hoardingly like golden sovereigns, and at each new count I have said, "Now he will surely come," for I cannot think he is dead. "I will come back, Old Tom," he said to me; "God will not let me die in the hills as others have. Keep Endress for me"; and so I have tried to do, but it is hard, especially with young Mr. Henry around the house. How often I have watched them go down into the garden together when the moon was full, as it was last night. I am an old man, and my blood is slow, but I mind when it would burn in my veins at the sight of a pretty girl in the moonlight. Mr. Henry is such a man as his father was when he was young, all smiles and gallantry, and the Mistress is a woman, soft and winning, as most gentlewomen are. And so I fear for them. Not that there is any harm in it, for folks hereabouts believe Little John is dead, and sometimes I think the Mistress believes it, too, else would she not encourage Mr. Henry? After all, it Little John is bleaching somewhere in the mountains of the north, what harm that Mr. Henry should love his brother's widow? But Little John is not dead. No, no, he cannot be—and there lies the trouble. I can do nothing. I dare not speak to the Mistress, and when I raised my hand to strike Mr. Henry, 'fore God, I saw his dead father stand there with one of his rare smiles, and I could not touch the boy.

He and Little John grew up about my knees. When I go out to the grave of their father and my old comrade, I hear his voice over and over sounding among the white stones, "Keep them, Tom, old comrade, they'll need you," and so for nigh a score of years I have. I have watched them grow from the days when they would come about my knees and ask to be told again the story of Riel's rebellion and how I marched in their father's company all through the trouble, to the time when Little John brought home the Mistress to the old home with its big rooms, its verandas and gardens that my dead comrade and I made when we came to the Pacific coast after the rebellion was over. Those were full days, I think, when we all gathered about the big hearth in the long room, the Master, the Mistress, Little John and Mr. Henry. They were boys then, and Little John, though the older, was the smaller of the two, so we named him after the outlaw of the Great Forest. Then the Mistress died and we buried her in the churchyard with the ivy and the roses. The Master soon followed and we put him near the Mistress.

I hung the Master's sword over the boys' cot and told them stories of the rebellion of '70 and of the flight of Riel until they knew the tale by heart and were wont to fight the battles over again down by the river. The sound of their voices came up to me free and ringing, Mr. Henry's particularly, like the Master's when we were boys together on the farm in Ontario. All this was many years ago. Little John grew up and married. I was there when he brought home his bride, and I could scarce see her for the tears that came to my eyes with thinking of

the time when the old Master brought home the Mistress.

They were contented for a time. The garden overlooks the sea that is sometimes grey and cold, moaning like a thing in pain, while at other times it laughs and sings crooning melodies to the gulls. The Mistress and Little John spent long hours in the garden with the flowers, and when Mr. Henry came up from Victoria for the week-end they were a happy party. Then one day there came rumors of gold in the distant Yukon. Mr. Henry told us of eager crowds thronging northward and of the stir and bustle in Victoria. From that moment I saw the restlessness of fever begin to burn in the eyes of Little John. The Mistress saw it, too, I think, for she watched him hungrily, and in her face was the dawning of a great fear.

Little John went, as from the first I knew he would, for he was of the brood that wanders. Soon or late the fever enters their veins and drives them out. I know, for though I am old I mind the days when it sickened me of home and I ran away, making for the sea, where I shipped on a crazy tramp that took me to Jamaica. Little John said farewell to the Mistress in the garden, with the great white moon making ghosts out of the nodding flowers. It was as fair a night, I think, as ever was, with the wine-strong smell of the lilacs filling the night under the stars. But I thought blackly, for all that.

Little John went out by the gate in the south wall. The Mistress stood for a long time in the full light of the moon flooding the garden path, her head bowed and slim shoulders drooping. Then she came towards the house. She smiled sadly up at me where I sat on the balcony and made a little gesture with her hand. I heard her light footfall in the corridor and on the stair. When at last I got up to go into my bed the light was still burning in her room. She was at the window with her head on her arms and her hair all a-tumble over the sill.

Weary days! Little John wrote from Vancouver, and a vessel from the north brought a second letter. There was a long silence, and a third came. It had been nearly three months on its way. Little John was pushing into the north with two others, led by an Indian's tale of a gold-floored river by the Arctic Sea. So far he had found nothing, and he promised to come home if the Indian's tale proved false.

Each day the hearth fire roared in the great living room, and the Mistress would sit by the window looking down to the sullen wash of water whipped by the rain. The weeks went by and the months. Mr. Henry came often at first, then less frequently. In the spring he took to coming again, and it was then that I began to notice them and be afraid. Weary days!

And so I have counted the full moons like golden sovereigns, and last night I saw the fortieth that has come full and withered since Little John went into the north. Three weary years!

Last night when the Mistress came in from the garden with Mr. Henry her face was very quiet and contented and happy. She sat down to the piano and her fingers flashed over the white keys and she sent a little song that seemed all joy out through the long French windows to whisper among the flowers. Mr. Henry stood looking down at her thick massed hair and his eyes burned with the Light. Three times have I seen that light burn in a man's eyes. Once in the old Master's, once in Little John's and last night in Mr. Henry's. The Mistress looked up and saw it, just as the last notes of the music followed the song through the open window. She gave a little sobbing cry and her eyes widened until they were big as stars and narrowed till the lashes shaded them. Slowly Mr. Henry took her hand and kissed it once. Then he went out into the garden and I heard the rattle of the gravel on the sea road as his car went down towards Victoria. Oh, Little John! where are you, boy? Come home before it is too late.

I went out into the moonlight and talked softly to the sea. "Little John, Little John," I whispered, "come home, boy, come home!" When I turned, the Mistress was behind me, slim and graceful as her flowers. I looked at her a moment sadly and she put her hands on my shoulders and rested her head on her arms.

"He is dead, Old Tom," she said, and cried softly while I comforted her as best I could.

* * * * * *

It is evening again. I am waiting for the sound of Mr. Henry's car coming over the sea road. The moon is not yet up and the west sky still burns an ashy fire. I am excited tonight. There is something very odd about the air. I cannot understand. Perhaps it is the coming of Mr. Henry and the thought of what may happen. The Mistress thinks Little John is dead. It is three years and four months since he went away.

Mr. Henry is here now and the moon, a spot of silver, swims in the purple east. The lilacs are wine-strong in the air, and the night is so still. In the servant's hall someone fingers a banjo tentatively. A few notes come softly, then silence. Voices murmur in the garden. They are over in the shade of the east wall. The Mistress laughs a little rippling laugh that is like water trickling over stones.

I am looking past the wall at the tangled shrubbery which grows up to it. Inside are the flowers and plants that the Mistress is so proud of. Outside the wall everything is savagely unkempt. There is something odd about that patch of broom with the blossoms lying like snow in the moonlight. The flowers seem to shiver, though the night winds are so gentle that the leaves are scarcely stirred. There is a black patch in the broom that was not there today. Someone has gathered a great armful of the flowers.

I stand up to look at the black hole. The moon's light has strange fancies for my eyes tonight, for the edges of the hole seem to grow larger and shrink. What a poor sentry I would make now with my old eyes. The black patch is actually moving, so it seems. It is now much nearer the wall, I think. I rub my eyes and look again. The black patch is gone. The snowbank of the flowers is unbroken. My eyes are not what they used to be. They play odd pranks in poor lights. Ah, well, I am old!

My God! did you hear it? Was it the sea that moaned then? Are my ears weak, too, or did I hear a sob? I am leaning over the balcony, my hands trembling on the rail. The black patch is again visible in the broom. It is alive. It is a man. A figure straightens and moves.

"Little John!" I shriek. I leap down the stair, across the garden to the gate and fling it open. I thresh madly in the broom, leaving ragged channels through the flowers. I cry aloud the name of Little John. Nothing answers, and suddenly Mr. Henry is upon me. His fingers whirl me about face, and his voice is harsh as he says, "What is the matter, Tom?" I stammer, "Little John was here in the broom!"

His eyes go wide, then close into mere slits, and I see sorrow in them. "My brother is dead," he says gently; "come in, Tom. You are tired."

He leads me to the gate. I stop, as he would enter and look back. The whole hillside whitens with the broom, and it is empty. The night is a void again. The black patch and the moaning—were they phantoms? We go in. The Mistress is leaning over the great bowl of the fountain. A shining drop falls into the purple water and sends ripples shimmering across the basin. Very tenderly Mr. Henry takes her in his arms and kisses her upon the lips.

The Totem Pole

By Ethel G. Cody Stoddard

WHEN you run across an Indian totem pole of generous size and do not see any Indians within a mile radius or stumble over any papooses, you may know that somebody has been light-fingered and stolen it. The original family heraldics of the Indians are not for sale any more than the family crest of a white man. There are any amount of totems, ranging from three inches to ten and fifteen feet in height, scattered all over the country, but they were made for sale just like a built-to-rent house, and are but imitations of the real thing. The Pacific coast Indians spend much of their time in winter and off-seasons carving totem poles for sale; it is their one artistic stock-in-trade that is very widely known. Baskets and "Chilkat blankets" are other forms of artistic Indian expression, but as they are mainly the efforts of the klootchmen (women) the braves have all the honor of the carving of the totem poles and the goodly incomes derived therefrom.

It is rumored that the famous totem pole in Seattle, Washington, was first stolen and then paid for, though whether the original owners are aware of the latter fact is not definitely known, and as time slips by no one cares about just what did happen at the time; but Seattle sees to it that no one steals it again. The Seattle totem is a particularly fine specimen, being over sixty feet high.

There are a few of the Indian villages on the upper Pacific coast that have succeeded in warding off the attacks of the souvenir fiend and the ardent hunter for museum curio-timber. One of the most interesting of these places is Alert Bay, B. C., some three hundred miles north of Vancouver, B. C. It is a one-street village that wanders along the water's high-tide edge and blinks stolidly toward the setting sun. Here is found one of the finest collections of totem poles in America. Every house has one, sometimes two, while in the native graveyard they are piled so thick that passage through them is almost impossible.

Glaring in colors and crude to a large extent in carving these household totems are very interesting, though, like many other things, must be seen in their natural surroundings to be properly appreciated. The frog, the fish, the eagle, the raven and the bear are the most noted symbols. Each tribe is represented by one particular animal, and as two members of the same tribe are not allowed to intermarry, the variety of emblems on a household totem are naturally varied. The crest of the head of the family always occupies the top of the pole; the wife's comes next, then that of the mother of the owner of the house, after that the wife's mother's, and if there is any room left it is devoted to the folklore of either heads of the house.

One totem in Alert Bay has the head of a raven well down on the pole. The bill of this creature is immense and is hinged so that the upper portion lifts up. When the chief of this house gives a "party" the guests enter the house by taking a header through this beak—the ordinary door of the place being closed for that particular period.

And as to houses: the old-time teepee is as out-distanced in the Indian village of today as the one-storey cottage has been by the modern apartment house in the city.

"Come inside," said a fat Indian clad in a pair of trousers a couple of sizes too small for him, a red and black blanket and a wide grin. We stepped into the house he indicated with a grimy thumb. About eight feet square with but two or three windows, and those almost unrecognizable under their coat of dust and smoke, this Indian apartment presented a grotesque appearance.

A dozen families had space in this house, each separate abode being partitioned off by

tin biscuit boxes and sticks of wood. As these divisions were not more than a foot and a half high one could look into every "apartment" with one sweeping glance. In the centre of each house burned a fire, around which was gathered the household paraphernalia, ranging from cooking utensils, blankets and food, to fat klootchmen, brown babies and yellow kittens. In order to escape the efforts of the smoke from so many fires the roof had been allowed to follow its own inclination and fall into decay, thereby relieving the necessity for chimney building. Odoriferous in the extreme, cluttered in an apparently irredeemable manner, this building that housed a great many of the descendants of America's original inhabitants presented a picture of family co-operation that was decidedly unique.

The Wanderer to His Heart's Desire

By JOHN S. REED

(From the "American Magazine")

There you—here I;
  Not all the sweetness of your face.
Nor joy of your fair company,
  Can bring us to one place.

I think of you—
  A picture framed in sombre trees,
Eyes where a gleam of sky breaks through,
  Grey days on summer seas.

The Western Wind,
  That runs the prairies like a flame,
Bears in his fragrant garments twined
  A whisper of your name.

In some far land,
  When I desire your comradeship
And the cool frankness of your hand,
  The sweetness of your lip,

Then do you send
  A blown kiss in the wind's long hair;
And though I sleep at the world's end
  Yet will it find me there.

Canada's System of Responsible Government

By Albert J. Beveridge

(*From "McClure's Magazine"*)

"ANNEXATION? Oh, yes, it might be a good thing for both of us from the material point of view," said a profound Canadian student of relations between the Republic and the Dominion—a man as friendly to us as he is well informed.

"And yet," he exclaimed, "in spite of this, a union of Canada and the United States is as impossible as a union of France and Germany. One consideration alone is dearer to us than all the material advantages that annexation might bring to us—a matter so vital to us that we would fight before we would surrender it. That is our system of government. No one need ever talk annexation until the United States adopts the Canadian Constitution, and, above all, until you Americans are willing to substitute for your present rigid and illogical political machinery Canada's system of responsible government."

The Canadian Constitution was written in the light of our experience under our Constitution, and was designed to save Canada from the serious troubles we Americans have been forced to meet and overcome. Its contrast to ours furnishes a most instructive example of one people learning its lesson from the successes and mistakes of another.

But in this paper we are dealing with the Canadian political party practice and method. What, then, of Canada's responsible government, which our Northern neighbors believe so much better than our "clumsy method," as they call it, that not all our wealth could induce them to exchange it for ours?

NO GOVERNMENT BY POLITICAL PARTIES IN THE UNITED STATES

We Americans have a habit of declaring that "ours is a government by political parties." But, from the Canadian viewpoint, not only do we seldom have government by political parties in the United States, but such a thing, in the Canadian sense of that term, at any time would be difficult, and in ordinary times impossible.

"Why," said a Canadian publicist, "if you Americans have a government by parties, tell me what party is running your government now?"

And, indeed, what party is running our government now? The present situation at Washington affords a perfect example of the contrast between the Canadian political system and our own.

For do not we read that the Democrats are in "control" of the House, the Republicans in "control" of the Senate, and that a Republican President sits in the chair of Washington and Lincoln? Our Senate and House must come to an agreement on all bills before Congress passes them; and even then our President may veto these bills.

Even if those in the House who are termed Democrats were in full accord on policies and laws, and if the same were true of those in the Senate who are termed Republicans, still there could be no *party* agreement that would pass any law through Congress or adopt any programme as a *party* policy. For, even supposing party solidarity in House and Senate, yet a different party is in "control" of each house.

But our situation is worse than this. Are we not told by the daily press that

the Democrats in the House are divided on this measure and that—that their "leaders" were overthrown by their followers on the question of free wool and the like?

Have we not received a formal announcement that among the Republicans of the Senate there is a definite split on fundamental questions of legislation and economic policy?

Also do we not find this and that action or proposal of the President supported by some members of his "party" and bitterly opposed by others—this and that failure of the President to act assailed equally within his own party, now by one group and now by another?

Not long ago our Republican President, in a notable public speech, praised the Democrats in the House for their action on reciprocity, by strikingly plain inference rebuked the majority of the House Republicans who voted against that measure, and lectured in advance those Senate Republicans who should oppose it.

So when the keen Canadian observer asks us, "What party is running your government at present?" can any American tell him?

PRESENT CONDITIONS NOT EXCEPTIONAL

The American politician who is fond of saying that "ours is a government by political parties" will say that the present is an exceptional time. But is this true? Is not the existing situation rather an uncommonly vivid illustration of what may be true of us at any time, except in case of an unusual emergency, such as war, and the succeeding party impulse which that great occasion causes; or the appearance of some fundamental question, such as the free coinage of silver and the like, but lesser after-impulse flowing from that?

Indeed, the Canadian goes further and declares that, under our Constitution, *party* government, in the true sense of that term, cannot exist. Our Constitution provides that the legislative and executive branches of our government shall be separate and independent—completely so, except in the President's right to make recommendations by messages to Congress and in his veto power.

Also our legislative branch, thus separated from the executive, is divided into two Houses, each with practically equal powers over domestic legislation, and each in theory independent of the other.

Under our Constitution and political system, too, nobody is made the *official* leader of a political party. There is no legal machinery by which a party, *as such,* definitely can be made responsible to the people.

AMERICAN CONSTITUTION BASED ON NON-PARTISANSHIP

The idealistic theory of the fathers who drew our Constitution was that our Congress would legislate for the real and permanent welfare of a whole people, and not for the supposed and temporary advantage of some political party. *Party* government was not in their minds—it did not exist at that time. England had scarcely begun to develop the theory of a responsible ministry, which is the very soul of government by party.

For example, the idea of the fathers was that the President should be selected from the wisest, purest, and ablest men in the Republic, regardless of every other consideration. Such was the sole reason for and purpose of our electoral college.

The same thought runs throughout our Constitution. Our fundamental law is based on the non-party concept. The careful division of responsibility; the painstaking arrangement of "checks and balances"; the fixed and unchangeable tenures of office; the veto power of the chief magistrate—these and other cardinal features of our Constitution are inconsistent with and antagonistic to party government.

RUNNING AROUND THE CORNERS OF OUR CONSTITUTION

So that, says the Canadian student, under our system, party government, in the Canadian meaning, simply cannot exist. Yet it appears to be necessary. We have tried to bring it about by running around the corners of our Constitution, pretending not to notice that instrument.

Although the legislative and executive branches of our government are decreed to be separate and independent, thus preventing any united *party* government, yet we have tried to overcome this by personal

communication between the White House and the Capitol.

Do not we read every day about this and that senator being "sent for" by the President—this and that chairman of House committees being "summoned to the White House"; or, conversely, that senators or representatives "called on the President" to urge this or that measure or to protest against this or that policy?

More and more, the American executive is attempting to become a legislative force—a thing forbidden by our Constitution. We even have the spectacle of bills drawn by a Cabinet officer and formally transmitted to Congress for enactment—a circumstance that would have horrified the framers of the Constitution.

Years ago the difficulty of executive and legislative harmony evolved that absolutely unique instrument in government, an unofficial person popularly known as the "Administration mouthpiece." Of late another unofficial and extra-Constitutional creature, entirely strange to every other system of government on earth, has appeared in Washington, known as the "Administration go-between." And this executive agent in our legislative branch seems likely to throw the "Administration mouthpiece" into the junk-room of discarded political "properties."

This curious development is not peculiar to any particular administration. Perhaps it is unavoidable in our attempt at *party* government under our system.

If there is any fault in all this, it is not so much in men as it is in our political system. Of course, it is possible that a man might arise, even in ordinary times, of sufficient power to command a united party action, notwithstanding our constitutional impediments. But in the absence of mighty events, such a man rarely develops in the political life of any people.

Information as broad as the country, and, indeed, comprehending foreign lands; a wisdom equal to his knowledge; clear-headedness and the true leader's quality of prompt and accurate decision—all these such a man must have. Even more important, the rare gift of vision must be his. And, with all these, he must be armed with utter fearlessness and that vigilant and intelligent honesty, ripened by experience, which the most practised guile cannot deceive. Even these uncommon powers must be exercised with the skilled strength and precision of the really great politician. And he must radiate from the very being of him that most mysterious but most real of all human powers—the power of personality.

But, of course, such an endowment of the gods seldom is bestowed, and therefore, under our system, this master leader rarely appears. "And without him," says the Canadian, "where is your government by parties? Where can responsibility be focused? Suppose you had such a man—he could last, under your political custom, not longer than four or at best eight years."

"On the other hand," say our Northern critics, "suppose you get a weak or capricious man for President. In a year you may want to get rid of him, but you cannot. He is there for four years. Even if he loses the confidence of the political party to which he belongs as represented in your Congress, still there in the White House he stays, and all is chaos until he goes out."

IN CANADA THE LEGISLATURE AND THE EXECUTIVE ARE ONE

Contrast all this with the Canadian political method. To begin with, *speaking exclusively from the practical point of view,* the Canadian legislative and executive branches are inextricably mingled.*

In practical effect, Canada has but one legislative body, the House of Commons; and the real Canadian executive, the Premier, is a part—a member—of that one legislative assembly. He need not be as

*For the purpose of getting clearly before the American reader the practical workings of Canada's government by political parties, I must omit comment on the Canadian Senate and the Governor-General.

While they must be considered in any critical examination of the theory of Canada's governmental system, yet it would only confuse to describe their legal theoretical powers and functions in studying the real "responsible party government" of the Dominion.

The Governor-General is the personal representative of the Crown. He appoints the Premier in theory and in form; but, in practice, he appoints the man whom the party and parliamentary situation requires. In theory and form he is the Canadian executive—all executive acts are in the name of "the Governor-in-Council"; but in practice the real executive is the Premier. The Governor-General approves whatever the Premier and his Cabinet—the ministry—decide upon. Thus "the Governor-General is a rubber stamp of the ministry," said a learned Canadian writer.

The Senate, too, is a negligible quantity in the practical operations of Canada's responsible party government. Senators are appointed for life. In theory and form the Senate passes all bills just as

a matter of theory; but he is as a matter of fact. For the Premier must be a man who can command a majority in the House of Commons; and this can be done only by the Premier being a member of the House.

"The government," as it—loosely but popularly—is called in Canada, consists of the Premier and his Cabinet. This Cabinet, as with us, consists of the heads of the various departments of the executive government—the Ministers of Finance, Customs, Agriculture, Labor, Railways, Justice, and the like.

This Canadian Premier ostensibly is appointed by the Governor-General; but as a matter of fact he usually, if, indeed, not always, is chosen leader of the political party that happens to come into power. For, in Canada, the leader of a political party holds the *office* of "leader." It is a leadership recognized by law. He is selected as a party leader by his party caucus in the House when his party is in the minority and, of course, before he comes to the premiership—usually long before. He becomes Premier automatically when his party overthrows "the government." And this Premier names his Cabinet.

And, in practice, the Canadian Premier and members of his Cabinet almost invariably are also members of the Canadian House of Commons, elected to their seats precisely as all other members of the House are elected. This is a necessity of responsible party government. Otherwise the responsible ministry could not explain and defend its measures, its policies, or its conduct of the government, and, therefore, could not maintain its majority in the House, which is essential almost to its very existence.

The Premier and his Cabinet sit in the House on the front row of benches, directly facing the chiefs of the "opposition" party, who sit on the other side of the aisle dividing them. In the front row of the opposition side is the *official* leader of the opposition party, with his oldest and closest advisers sitting near him. I speak of him as "official" leader because he is so recognized; and *as* leader and *because* he is such by law, draws a higher salary than the other members.

We see, then, that "the government"* in Canada consists of a group of men who exercise both executive and legislative powers in the fullest possible measure. Back of these men is a compact and disciplined party majority sitting in a single House. And at the supreme head of all is the Premier.

THE GOVERNMENT DEFENDS ITS OWN MEASURES IN OPEN PARLIAMENT

Practically speaking, this Premier not only is the commanding executive of the Dominion, not only the ablest legislator and most resourceful debater of his party, but also he is the *authoritative* head and leader of his *party*.

Imagine, now, the Canadian system in operation. The governing party has determined on some important measure, such as reciprocity. Waiving technicalities, the bill is introduced by some member of the Cabinet, or, if it is deemed wise, by the Premier himself. In the case of fiscal measures, it probably would be introduced by the Minister of Finance, Mr. Fielding; the new Canadian Anti-Trust Law was introduced by Mr. Mackenzie King, the Minister of Labor; and so on.

Then the debate begins. First, the Premier and his Cabinet, in their combined capacity of the executive ministry; second, members of the Legislature; and third, formally designated and real *party* leaders, must answer any question that the opposition asks them.

In the case of reciprocity, for example, the so-called "pact" was negotiated by Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, and Mr.

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the House does; but in practice it seldom interferes with the House. The people expect it to do what the House tells it to do—and usually it does just that. Its innocuous character is shown by the utter indifference of the press and public to its debates or proceedings.

So to explain the theoretical Governor or the theoretical Senate would only confuse the reader. Both may be dismissed from mind in thinking of the practical workings of Canadian party government—in describing the real political power of the Dominion.—The Author.

*The term "the government" is a popular expression, theoretically inaccurate, which I apply to the ministry—that is, the Premier and his Cabinet. The expression is generally so employed in loosely talking of the ministry. As a matter of fact, under the Canadian system of responsible party government, the Premier and his Cabinet (the ministry) are "the government" for most practical purposes. The Premier is the real executive; and he is the dominant legislative force as well. So I adopt the loose and technically inaccurate term "the government," as applied to the ministry, for purposes of brevity and to emphasize to American readers the supremacy of these party chieftains in the Canadian system.—The Author.

Paterson, the Minister of Customs. These ministers must explain the whole matter orally on the floor of the House, in open debate. So must the Premier himself. What about this item and what about that; and is the whole policy wise or unsound?

And the answers to this hailstorm of questions, together with the whole discussion, must satisfy, first, the members of the House belonging to the party in power, and second, the people of the entire country.

If the ministry "loses the confidence," as the Canadian term is, of a majority of the House, it is beaten and ordinarily goes out of office. In any event, it goes to the country; and if it is beaten before the country, that is the end of government by that party.

For example, the party now dominant in Canada lost one powerful member of the House, Mr. Clifford Sifton, on the reciprocity issue. Suppose it should lose enough others to destroy its majority. Ordinarily Parliament would be dissolved at once and a new election called. In this election reciprocity would be the issue upon which the Canadian people pass at the polls.

MINISTRY ALWAYS RESPONSIBLE TO THE PEOPLE

If at this election the people chose a majority of members favorable to reciprocity, the present executive ministry would continue—provided the Premier himself succeeded in being re-elected as a member of the House of Commons.

If the Canadian Premier should himself fail of election, and yet a majority be elected favorable to his policies, he might be continued as Premier for a brief season, until he could get himself elected from another constituency. If he failed in this the next strongest man, commanding the greatest confidence of his party followers in the House, would, practically speaking, be chosen the party leader and therefore appointed the new Premier. For the Premier must secure and maintain the support of a majority of the House.

But it is extremely unlikely that the Premier or any other strong member of the House in either party would fail of re-election in Canada. For he can run for a seat in the House from two or even more constituencies at the same time. And, of course, such a man chooses this second or third constituency in a locality where he is sure to receive a majority.

The purpose of this is to make certain that a man of such ability, character and experience as to make him a national figure shall not be lost to the service of the people. This device is not often employed by persons of merely local standing.

If the people at such an election choose a majority opposed to a measure on which the governing party headed by this responsible ministry has been compelled to go to the country, then, of course, the opposition becomes the governing party, and the leader of this opposition is appointed Premier and names his Cabinet.

This opposition, thus placed in power by the people at the polls, in its turn becomes responsible for every measure of legislation and every act of government.

PARTY LEADERS MUST ANSWER QUESTIONS

I say every act of government, because the leaders of the party in power—the Premier and his Cabinet—must answer orally on the floor of the House in open debate, not only as to matters of legislation, but just as much as to the conduct of the government itself. No matter appears small enough to escape the vigilant inquiry or aggressive attack of the opposition.

I have listened to more than an hour's debate over a question of the building of a boat. Why was it not built a foot longer or a foot shorter, a foot wider or a foot narrower? What about the specifications? Was there graft somewhere? What was the true inwardness of a certain individual's connection with it? Above all, why was it not built in Canada instead of in the Mother-country? and so forth and so on. To all of which, of course, the responsible Minister had to make satisfactory answers.

Another illustration is the management of the two thousand miles of railroad which the Canadian government owns and operates. Why the expenditure for this or that? Why were freight cars not furnished promptly and properly?—as a shipper who happened to be a member of the House belonging to the opposition wanted to know. How much was charged for the government's cars that, in the course of business,

went into the United States? Why was not more charged?

It appeared that the government had permitted some little American vessel, armed in a puny way, to pass down the Welland Canal into the Lakes for exercises connected with our naval militia. Some member of the opposition read in a newspaper a Chicago dispatch that there was to be a mock bombardment of Chicago.

"What is the meaning of all this?" demanded the opposition of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Cabinet. Of course, nobody in the United States knows anything about our having an armed vessel on the Lakes, and cares less. Of course, too, the so-called mock bombardment of Chicago, if ever it occurs, will attract less attention even in Chicago itself than a baseball game.

Nevertheless, the Canadian Prime Minister and his Cabinet had to explain the matter at least sufficiently to satisfy their own party.

Thus it is evident that Canada has a government by political parties, which is responsive and *responsible* to the people. This responsiveness and responsibility are assured because the members of the real executive government, who also are members of the House, are compelled to explain to and to convince their party majority in open debate, as well as the whole Canadian people—and this, too, day in and day out—concerning every measure past, present and proposed.

IF TAFT WERE A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE

To make it even clearer to us Americans: If we had the Canadian system, President Taft and all the members of his Cabinet would also be members of our House of Representatives. The reciprocity bill would be introduced either by Secretary Knox or by Mr. Taft himself, and these two men, and perhaps Secretary MacVeagh, would have to answer absolutely any question that anybody in the House saw fit to ask them.

They would have so to convince their own party that they would be able to maintain their majority in the House on that question, up to and through the final vote.

Or take the Mexican situation: If we had the Canadian system, the President and the Secretary of War would have to explain the entire affair—would be compelled to withstand any bombardment of questions that the whole House might put to them.

Why were twenty thousand troops suddenly mobilized? If for manœuvres, why at this particular point? And why was no notice of manœuvres given, as in other countries? Or, how long were the manœuvres to last? Or, if not mobilized for manœuvres, what were our soldiers to do? In short, every question one can imagine.

It would be the duty of Mr. Taft and Mr. Stimson to answer orally all these questions, and even to overwhelm inquiry and criticism, unless, indeed, Mr. Taft himself were able to convince the House that the grave interests of the nation required secrecy.

Still another very striking illustration is given in the famous railroad bill passed last year. This bill was prepared by Attorney-General Wickersham. The country remembers the tremendous and successful assaults made upon certain critically important provisions of that measure.

If we had the Canadian system this bill would have been introduced by Mr. Wickersham himself; and he and the President, sitting as members of Congress, would have borne the brunt of the legislative battle. They would have been forced personally to answer every question that was asked, refute every criticism that was made as to every feature of that bill in that historic debate.

So it is that Canada has a government by parties—a distinct, legally recognized *party* government as such—which for its every act, executive or legislative, its every proposal, either as to law or policy, is directly responsible to the House of Commons and to the whole Canadian people. Instead of responsibility being scattered, as it is under our system, it is concentrated and fixed under the Canadian system.

If anything it does, any laws it passes, any measure it proposes, fails to meet the approval of either the House or the people, that party loses the control of the government and the opposition party takes control—and takes control *as a party*.

THE PREMIER MUST ALWAYS HAVE THE COUNTRY'S CONFIDENCE

The Premier, who, in a practical way,

corresponds to our President, is in fatal case if his party majority in the House is shattered; and he does not remain in office after he loses the confidence of the country.

But with us, no matter if the President loses the support of the majority of his own party in Congress, he still remains President for a rigid four years. No matter if he loses the confidence of the whole country, still he holds fast to the arms of his presidential chair. No matter even if the people make up their minds that he is a person whose unwisdom endangers the interests of the nation—yet even such a President can be ousted only by impeachment.

The same is true of his Cabinet, so long as this irremovable President wants to keep it about him. He is not responsible to anybody, in the Canadian meaning of "responsibility," and his Cabinet is responsible to nobody but him.

"I find I cannot please everybody, so I have made up my mind to please myself," said one of our American Presidents, many years ago; and he happened to be a man of the highest order of ability, unquestioned honesty, and great courage. If we had the Canadian system, no President would dare say that. It would be a challenge, first to his own party and then to the people at large, for a combat which would overthrow him speedily.

More than this, no matter what occurs, no matter how completely the people repudiate one of our so-called party majorities in the Senate or the House, yet the members of the House remain for their two years, and senators remain for their six years.

But in Canada, in such a case the party in power goes out of control; the former Premier and his Cabinet, if they succeed personally in being re-elected, become nothing more than members of the House.

CANADA ALREADY HAS A SYSTEM OF RECALL

Thus we see that not only have we no party government in the Canadian sense, but we have no machinery which, without great delay, registers the people's will. In Canada, not only do they have party government in the strictest sense of the word, but their system produces an automatic recall of the party in power. The people do not have to wait for petitions; they need none of the machinery of our American "recall." When Canada's responsible ministry loses the confidence of the House, it goes to the country at a new election, or else goes out of office.

So, when a party is in power in Canada, it literally can do what it likes, but, also literally, at its peril. The attitude of the opposition, and of the country, toward the party in power is, "It is up to you; run the government in your own way. But remember that whatever you do is at your own hazard. We, the opposition, will hold you strictly accountable for every law and every deed. And we, the people, hold you *responsible* to us whose servants you are."

Here is an example of how absolutely the party in power can do what it likes in Canada: When our American panic of 1907 affected Canadian bankers, they began to increase their reserve and draw in their loans. They suggested that they did not have enough money. Of course, this was neither true nor reasonable; for, under the Canadian banking and currency system, plenty of currency is available, at all times, for the conduct of legitimate business. At least, the government so looked at it. "And so," said Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, "we just set our printing presses going and struck off $25,000,000 of Dominion notes. Of course, there was no authority of written law for doing this. Of course, too, we exceeded the gold reserve which the law requires the government to keep. But something had to be done, and we took the responsibility. We went to such bankers as were showing nervousness and said, 'Here is money.' This made most of them ashamed of themselves, and hardly any of them took this money."

Out of $25,000,000 thus printed only $6,000,000, I believe, really was issued. Of course, this was taking what we Americans would think a desperate chance. Had this act of "the government"—the responsible ministry—been repudiated by Parliament, which met some months after the event, the party in charge of the government would have gone out of power. But when this Parliament met it promptly ratified this extraordinary action as being justified by the conditions.

From all of this, it follows that in Canada most, if not all, party policies are

determined in the first instance by the Premier and his Cabinet, and if important enough, laid before the party caucus. And the will of this caucus is the absolute law of the party. For a Canadian party caucus is a caucus indeed.

A REAL PARTY CAUCUS

The members of Canada's Congress are present; the members of the Cabinet are present as such, and as accepted party leaders; the Premier himself is there, as Premier and as the supreme party chieftain. This caucus, thus constituted, threshes the whole matter out. It determines the party's policy and course of action. The executive and legislative act together. They are one, practically speaking.

No such caucus is possible with us. Our two houses of Congress are separate and independent, and of almost equal legislative power; the executive is separate from and independent of both: and so there can be no singleness of party action and responsibility.

So, in Canada, there is a party solidarity such as we know nothing of, and can know nothing of, under our system; for in Canada it is the *party* which governs all the time. Canada's legislative and executive welded into a single governing unit; the Premier and his Cabinet, also members of the House, and both of them merely the manifestations and instruments of the party in power—a unity of party thought and purpose results, as impossible under our system as it is foreign to our notions.

At the supreme head of this strictly party government stands the Canadian Premier. Not only is he in reality the executive head of the nation, not only is he also the legislative leader on the floor of the House, but also he is, in a literal sense, the political head of his party.

It is as if our American President, the Speaker of our House under the old rules, the leader of the Senate under the ancient regime, and also the leading debater on the floor—all were combined into one composite official, this official the field marshal of a militant political party engaged, *as* a party, in governing the country.

Imagine this, and also that this composite official appointed our Cabinet, each of whom, as well as the President himself, was elected to the House as a member of that body. Add still the further fact that he is the leader of his party as much as a Scottish chief was the head of his clan in the old days; and, taking all these elements together, you have a rough outline of the Canadian Premier.

In Canada there is no such thing as the "titular head of a party." The head of a party there must be a genuine head, not only in name and by official sanction, but by the commission of Nature itself. He must be a real leader of men, made such by his inherent qualities of ability, wisdom, courage, decision and experience.

The Dominion of Canada is little more than forty years old; yet two Premiers, Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, have been at its head more than thirty years of that time, although either of them might have been ousted at any moment. And either of them would have lost power but for their rare qualities of leadership, which made each of them the first of his country's statesmen of his time and the head of the Canadian nation.

During the same period we have had eight Presidents. Of these only four were elected for a second term. Of these four Grant was re-elected because of his military achievements in our great war, whose smoldering fires still heated the blood of men. Cleveland was elected the second time as a reaction against Harrison; McKinley chiefly because of the wave of patriotic enthusiasm following the Spanish war, the determination to keep and administer the new possessions which that war had given us, and the profound antagonism to the free coinage of silver, which was the primal cause of his first election. Roosevelt was re-elected as the exponent and personification of that historic and epochal movement for fundamental reform which distinguishes the opening period of the twentieth century.

LAURIER IN CONTROL FOR FIFTEEN YEARS

But in Canada Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his party have been in continuous and supreme power for fifteen years. It is as if an American President should be elected to the presidency four times in succession. Yet, at any moment during those fifteen years, Sir Wilfrid Laurier could have been

put out of office by the Canadian people. This makes it clear to the American reader that the Canadian Premier must be a man of commanding and extraordinary powers. And such a man is Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Let us consider this dominant mind and character of Canada, not only in order to describe the man, but also in order to understand the personal qualities that a Canadian Premier must possess to hold the mastery of his party and the confidence of the people for so long a time.

First of all, then, even in his early manhood Laurier was a captivating public speaker. For almost forty years he has been by far the greatest of Canada's popular orators. Long before he came to the premiership, friend and foe conceded that, on the stump, he was the most effective man in the Dominion.

Almost from the moment he entered the House of Commons he was his party's most skilful debater. He has the gift of clear and simple statement, persuading even his opponents by his sheer reasonableness.

Said a seasoned and reliable newspaper man: "I have seen a debate which spread and ramified until the main thing was lost sight of. Then I have seen Laurier rise and state the matter with such clear reasonableness that even the members of the opposition, perfectly unconscious of what they were doing, would nod their heads in approval."

Then, of course, Laurier has solid ability of the first order. "One of your Americans has been described as 'a man who thinks in terms of continents'; well, that describes Laurier's mental operations," said one most careful student of this notable Canadian.

In the big sense of the term, Laurier is a politician, but not in our ordinary American understanding of that word. For example, from his ambitious youth clear down to the present moment, Laurier has never been a "mixer," as our phrase has it. He never has gone to clubs, for instance, in order to meet men whom a politician "ought to know."

Again, in going out to speak to the people from the stump in political campaigns, he always has gone as carefully apparelled as if he were to speak in Parliament or address some eminent body of men.

But, in the large meaning of the word, Laurier may be called a master politician. He has vision. He discerns the coming issue, and plans for it as a general might for a great military engagement. And then, when that issue comes, he throws himself into it with his whole heart and soul.

"But," said an informant, "Laurier never makes an issue for himself. He lets events and the elements of the situation create the issue, and then he becomes the personification of that issue."

The most impressive thing about Laurier is that mingled dominance and charm of personality which make people think of and talk about him, whether they are for or against him—and without any visible effort of his own. The personality of Sir Wilfrid Laurier absolutely saturates the Canadian people.

"Why," said an admiring opponent, "with us Laurier is a tradition, a legend, an institution."

Indeed, so great is the power of this curious personality that it has captivated the English people, only in a lesser degree than the Canadian people. All of us will recall the newspaper accounts of the amazing demonstration the Canadian Premier received at the coronation of King Edward some years ago.

And Laurier has courage, as one might expect, also. His personal honesty never has been questioned by his bitterest antagonist. With the opportunities that Canada affords and the high position he has occupied, he might today be a millionaire, and that quite legitimately, according to certain standards of American public life. Yet today, at seventy years of age, having had absolute power in his hands for fifteen years, Laurier is without any kind of wealth, owning, I believe, only the house in which he lives; and that was presented to him by his adoring party followers.

This is all too brief a character sketch of this first of Canadians and commanding general of Canada's dominant political party. I reproduce these outlines to show the American reader the only type of public men that, under the Canadian system, can succeed in holding power for any considerable period. Only a man of Laurier's stature and strength can prevail. Only such should prevail in any party.

The Valley of Humiliation

By J. H. WALLIS

(*After reading "The Pilgrim's Progress"*)

From the "Century Magazine"

I would not linger at the Wicket Gate
  Except as any loving worshipper
Would gaze upon the Great Compassionate;
  Nor in the House of the Interpreter,

With all its wealth of good exemplified
  In wondrous picture or impressive sight,
Would I a guest be willing to abide
  More, in impatience, than a single night.

No fear have I of snares that guard the goal;
  I should be safe from foes the strong might flee,
Because a humble and a contrite soul
  Is inconspicuous to the Enemy.

I might not see the Mountains of Delight,
  Whose height and grandeur surely would not suit;
In Beulah Land the light would be too bright,
  And noisy praise might make my spirit mute.

Here is the gentlest place of all the Way;
  Green fields and lilies everywhere I see,
So that forever I am fain to stay
  In this sweet Valley of Humility.

The Bow-Legs of Destiny

THE STORY OF A GREAT POLO MATCH

By Philip E. Curtiss

(*From the "American Magazine"*)

TO one Disraeli, Nature gave a head on which he promptly stood —for Parliament; and got there. To one Hercules she gave an arm with which he beat his way into Hades and came back with a human soul. A certain Adonis was given a face which placed him in the gallery of the immortals; but when Nature got to Bud Hitchins, all that she had left was a pair of bow-legs with which, like the younger son in the fairy tale, he must carve his way to fortune.

But at the age of six Bud found a large, fat Shetland pony which filled the otherwise embarrassing gap between his knees so perfectly that, from that time on, the gap was seldom empty. At the age of twelve he constructed a polo mallet from a broom stick and a mallet of the croquet variety. And even at that, at six o'clock on the evening of June 12, 1911, the very last chance in the whole range of human possibilities was that Bud would play in the inter-county matches. Yet at three o'clock on the afternoon of the thirteenth behold him in the line-up waiting for the referee to throw in the ball.

Could anything be more beautiful? There you have the whole synopsis—the scenario—early youth and parentage; boyhood inclinations; and, at the eleventh hour, the unexpected fulfilment of the foreordained—the climax. Thrillingly, gloriously dramatic are the ways of destiny! Now to fill in the details.

But first of all it must be explained that polo is different from all other sports in one thing. In baseball, tennis, or motor-boating many are called but few are chosen. In polo very few are called but most all of them get into the game. It is the orchid, the hothouse plant of violent sports. It must be carefully transplanted into chosen soil, watched, nourished and forced by loving hands until it is strong enough to take care of itself—when, like the orchid, it blossoms forth the king of its species, adding its own beauty to its rarity.

This fact explains, doubly, why the destiny of Bud Hitchins' bow-legs was so long deferred; and why it was so sudden when once it came. He was unknown to polo for so many years because there was no polo to go into. But when the opportunity came he was the only one ready to grasp it.

To show how curious are the ways of destiny, the clock of Bud's opportunity struck when Mat Daly said, "Well, I'll be hanged!" For the dramas of destiny follow no classic schools. No set, scholastic phrases signal the entrances and exits. A shepherd's pipe sounding on a hillside; a cannon shot breaking into the gaiety on the eve of Waterloo; Mat Daly saying, "Well, I'll be hanged"—all these are the crucial sounds of destiny—and never twice the same.

Mat Daly spoke when Wittimer, the "No. 1" player on the Suffolk team, broke his wrist at practice on the afternoon of June 12. For Mat Daly was the horse handler who tried to wrap a leg bandage around the wrist and so discovered that it was broken. This was the first signal of destiny that it was ready to spring its great dramatic climax. The second signal came when a telegram summoned Blake the first substitute back to the city on the same evening. The third signal fell when

Carlton, the second substitute, who thought he was a great man with the ball, got the sulks and refused to play No. 1, insisting that, if he played at all, he would play in one of the showy positions. In polo, to repeat, few are called and the stage was left all set for the entrance of Bud Hitchins.

From a delightful, mysterious obscurity he came—as he should at such a climax.

"Hitchins?" asked Lorrimer, the team captain, when Daly suggested his name, "Who's Hitchins?"

"He's a village kid," replied Daly, "who comes up mornings and knocks the ball around with the grooms."

"And he can really play?"—this a little doubtfully.

"Can he play? Holy——" and here Mat's vocabulary steps over the boundaries of modern journalism.

Bud Hitchins was eating a supper of blueberries and milk in a little vine-clad cottage when the telephone rang.

"This is Lorrimer of the polo club," and Bud almost dropped the receiver and fell in a swoon. It is not often that one is called up on the phone by a god.

He walked back to supper in a mystic, almost religious haze. The thought of concealing his triumph never occurred to him in such a moment of surpassing exaltation.

"I am going to play against Litchfield tomorrow," he announced, with tears in his voice.

"Against Litchfield? Oh, yes," mused his bookish father. His mother fell into his arms, for mothers rejoice at their son's wildest waywardnesses—when they turn out successfully.

Not a whisper of a single leaf on the vines of the cottage did Bud miss that sleepless night. At six o'clock he was grooming and scrubbing his two battered ponies as they had never been scrubbed before; and, as no well-ordered reader may be expected to be out of bed for two hours yet, one may use the time to explain how Bud had even two ponies.

Destiny, it has already been explained, had been working for long years before this—even from the day when Bud was born. Before that, in fact, for his mother's name was O'Connor. And, as naturally as a river drifts to the sea did the family drift to Suffolk, where polo was—in order that Bud might fulfil his destiny. Of course, there were other and trivial reasons. Bud's father was a retired professor of Greek, and wished a quiet place in the country in which to write his "History of the Athenians," and the Suffolk air would be good for Bud's mother, yet these reasons are given merely for the sake of plausibility in the main plot of destiny. But, because there was polo in Suffolk and Bud was in Suffolk, it must not be supposed that Bud came at once into polo. At that point in the drama? With just that stage business? Not much! We must make our statement about polo a little stronger. Very, *very* few are chosen. Bud's father had a pension of eleven hundred a year, not counting the slight royalties from a monograph on the Iota Subscript. Does that mean polo? No, indeed, that is just one of Destiny's stage tricks for decreasing the possibilities and making the climax all the more dramatic. For Bud was a "townie," a "village kid" and as far removed from the polo of the Suffolk Country Club as if he had lived in far Mongolia.

But Destiny must make a beginning some time, and so, when the other "townies" began to caddy on the golf links for coin of the realm, Bud began to lead ponies for the players at the country club. Where he had heard of polo before that belongs to the age of mythology and not that of exact history. Tradition says that he read Kipling's "Maltese Cat"—but there is no historical basis for the statement. The fact remains that at twelve he was leading ponies and watching the crude polo of the early days of the club. Later came Lorrimer and Mat Daly to initiate real polo, but by this time Bud was too old to lead ponies. All winter long, however, when the players were gone, he sat at the feet of Mat and drank in the lore of the mallet. When the first warm days of spring appeared and the carloads of ponies arrived from Texas he sat on the warm straw of the paddock and watched the schooling. Here again note the niceties of fate. Had Bud not been the son of a professor of Greek, and hence a gentleman, he would, in the due course of things,

become a stable boy and then a groom, and again, he would never have played polo.

On every occasion, however, Mat put him on a pony and gave him a mallet—as boys are wanted badly for "schooling." In the fall when the stables were broken up he purchased an old veteran of a pony named "Hans"—for forty dollars, saved from tutoring.

The next winter Mat was laid up with rheumatism and Bud nursed him like a son—which meant, principally, reading aloud from Sporting Life and letting Mat talk to an interested listener. The result was that mat gave him "Princess," a really valuable pony, rescued from lameness, which explains, now, the two ponies and brings us down to the eventful day.

The inter-county match with Litchfield was scheduled for three o'clock. At eleven in the morning Bud was at the stables with his ponies, rather stiff and embarrassed in the white breeches which he had bought a year before on the chance that some day he might really play a scrub match. If that never happened he hoped that he might be buried in them. The idea that they would be christened in an inter-county would have seemed like the wildest fiction. Khaki had been the customary wear of Bud's polo. But, although he had never played in a real match, it must be remembered that he had obtained a knowledge of the game even superior—six afternoons a week during the early spring and six mornings during the season, with the tough little stable boys, any four of whom could probably have gone on the field and trounced their masters.

At two o'clock Lorrimer appeared in the stables, beautiful in a soft brown polo coat, his trim tan boots appearing beneath. He looked around curiously, caught sight of Bud, and held out his hand.

"I am glad you are going to play with us," he remarked kindly, and Bud would have brushed the dust from the boots beneath the coat.

"Are you nervous?"

"No," replied Bud, his teeth chattering, "not a bit." We repeat that his mother's name was O'Connor.

"Are your ponies ready?" Mat had evidently explained the extent of Bud's stable.

Bud nodded.

"Well, I wish that you would come out and knock the ball around a bit. I would like to see how you—I would like to get a line on your style of play, so that we can have good team work." There are still a few gentlemen left in the world.

Bud gathered the reins over Hans, whose poor old neck was battered and scarred, and, with knees shaking, lifted himself into the saddle. The boys around the stable watched him curiously, almost with hostility. He was one of them and yet not one of them. His performance that afternoon would make him either a demi-god or an outcast, and this was partly why Bud's knees trembled; but once in the saddle, his thin, wiry bow-legs slid like steel springs into the groove which destiny had carved for them and nervousness slipped away like a blanket from a runner.

Mat threw a shiny white ball on to the field and little Hans scooted after it. Bud saw it grow to the size of an ostrich egg in front of him, heard the crack of his mallet without knowing that he swung it and the ball lifted for a sharp, true carry down the field. Hans bent to his work and Bud returned the ball with a backhander. That was enough for Lorrimer and Mat, who were watching anxiously from the side lines, and the latter beckoned him in.

"No need of tiring your pony any more," he said, while Lorrimer simply reached out the green silk jacket of the Suffolk team and helped it over Bud's shoulders.

As Bud left the field, the first of the motor cars was whirring and bumping over the grass, with a gay party of white frocks and parasols, while a long stream of traps, horsemen and foot passengers was already wending its way down the winding road from the country club, and swarming across the green. At the stables on the other side of the field, the Litchfield team was showing signs of activity. In the Suffolk stables, amid a smell of horses, leather polish, and wintergreen liniment, the other members of the team were waiting, in their glistening silk jackets—Burton the No. 3, and Hart the No. 2, who would play next to Bud. Lorrimer himself played back. Burton was absorbed in watching a groom strap the boots on to a pony's legs, while Hart,

a big man of middle age, whose black moustache made him look like one's ideal of an English cavalry officer, was testing a mallet with his hands. He nodded pleasantly to Bud.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"A little whippy, isn't it?" replied the new No. 1.

"I guess it is," replied Hart, reaching for a stiffer shaft, while Bud thrilled at his acknowledged entrance into the polo fraternity. He had been asked and had given an opinion.

"I guess it's about time, fellows," called Lorrimer at that minute from the door, and at the same instant a rattling echo of applause from the side lines told that the Litchfield team had taken the field.

Lorrimer had already mounted and Bud slipped into the saddle with the other two. The next minute he saw the stables fading into the background; a small army of grooms and stable boys came following along with the blankets and water buckets, while, before him, opened the smooth, green stretch of the field tightly packed on both sides by the white lines of parasols and the dotted panamas. Still in his dream, he saw the haunches of Lorrimer's pony give a twitch as he cleared the boundary boards and the next minute his own Hans was doing the same beneath him. Dear, nonchalant old Hans. He had played in more matches than any man in the game—practice, scrub, inter-county, it was all the same to him.

Lorrimer dug his heels, his pony started into a gallop, and a volley of applause burst from the side lines. Bud heard it like an outsider until, in a flash, it came to him that he was one of those who was being applauded, and, feeling like an actor who faces the great dark vault of a theatre, with a mighty thrill, he dug his heels and Hans broke into a scamper. All around him the green seemed to be alive with balls which the grooms had thrown in, and from both sides came the crack of mallets as the other players began to work out their strokes. Recalling himself with a nervous jerk, and wondering whether it had been hours or minutes that he had sat there dreaming on his galloping horse, Bud picked out a fresh ball and began hitting it automatically. With every stroke his fright disappeared, and after going the length of the field he trotted back leisurely to the side lines. Mat came over and leaned on his pony's neck.

"Remember, you're playing No. 1," he whispered hoarsely, "and don't try to hit the ball too much. Get after the back and stick to him."

For the No. 1, in polo, is what the interference is in football. He clears the field for the No. 2 and the No. 3, who do most of the offensive work, while the back is the player on the defence.

At this moment Lorrimer came walking his pony across the field with the captain of the Litchfield team, and Mat gave Bud's pony a slap on the flank which sent him over to where the line-up would begin.

Bud was now as cool as a cucumber and laughingly shook hands with the opposing No. 1, a smooth-faced, weazened man of forty, of the kind whose face tans in wrinkles—the very picture of a veteran. The Number Ones receive the ball from the referee, while the others line up behind them.

A sudden hush settled down upon the field. The referee turned his pony and held a new white ball expectantly in his hand. Bud knew exactly what he was to do and edged close to his opponent until the latter's pony laid back its ears and snapped at Hans' bridle.

"Careful, careful," cautioned the referee, and the next instant, with a little twitch, he sent the ball flying into the air. Bud saw at a glance that it would go far over his head, and, while his opponent was reaching aimlessly for it, he dug his spurs into his own pony, crowded the other horse backward out of the play, and, leaving a muttered curse from the other man behind him, galloped after the back. The latter had already turned and was fleeting toward his own goal, for Burton had got the ball and passed it up to Hart, who was dribbling it in great shape down the field.

"Take the man! Take the man!" he shrieked, catching sight of Bud, who was now in front of him, and Bud, giving Hans his head, was in a flash abreast of the fleeting back and galloping shoulder to shoulder. There was a crack from behind and

the ball shot ahead of them almost under their horses' feet, flying straight for the Litchfield goal. Both ponies doubled, *ventre a terre,* and dashed madly after it, while both riders, leaning in, crowded and pushed to keep the other away from the shot.

"Keep the man, I have it," came Hart's voice from behind, and Bud gave a final twitch to his reins, a final shove, and with saddles creaking, ponies pushing, the Litchfield back was shoved far away from the ball. They could hear the gallop of hoofs from behind them and then a groan from the crowd. Hart had missed it, but Burton, just behind him, caught it squarely, and, amid an excited roar, the ball shot cleanly between the goal posts.

"Pretty work, No. 1," called Lorrimer, and the players trotted back for a throw-in.

On went the game, and the crowd, motors and grooms were forgotten as Bud warmed down to his work. The sun in the west beat down in a final fury and made the faces of the players bite and sting under the sweat which rolled from their helmets. Great patches of white lather appeared on the necks of the ponies where the reins rubbed across them, while their flanks literally dripped with water. Princess went down with a strained shoulder in the third period, and Bud was mounted on a mean-looking, skinny bay belonging to the club. The bay was vicious, but he could run, and as a result Bud kept the opposing back in a regular box, guarding him as a cat guards a mouse, and opening hole after hole. So close did he ride that he could feel the back's warm, wet shoulder as they came together, while foam from the other horse was tossed up into his eyes, and his knee became bruised and swollen from constant pounding against the other man's saddle.

"Good boy," said his opponent occasionally, and the next minute would curse him from the deep, strong heart of the game.

After the "rest" at the end of the fourth period, Bud began to ease up in his caution and tried a few ringing strokes on the offence. But the bay was acting badly, and twice, when he took the bit and started running wildly, Bud had to take both hands and pull him to his haunches with a vicious jerk while the back got dangerously out of his reach.

At the beginning of the eighth and last period the score was six to six when Lorrimer, to save a goal, knocked the ball back of his own line and was penalized a quarter of a point. The players spread out in front of the goal and Lorrimer sent the ball singing almost to the centre of the field. The Litchfield men had now a quarter of a point lead, and knew that their play was to fight for time; while the home team, realizing equally that they had everything to gain and nothing to lose, scattered caution to the winds and dashed wild and fast with the abandon of recklessness. Instead of Bud "riding" the back, the back was now "riding" him, guarding his every turn as eagerly as Bud had guarded his own earlier in the game.

In the centre of the field the three Suffolk forwards and the whole Litchfield team were fighting like a pack of dogs over the ball, which was lost in the scuffle and scarcely moved an inch in either direction. Lorrimer, the only free player, plunged, head first, into the mass and shot the ball over the boards.

In a minute, with a roar of hoofs, the mass was on it, and the side boards gave way with a rending, tearing crash as the hoofs went over them and then stopped—fighting in a tangled pile. Between the feet of the pony next him Bud caught sight of the ball just inside the field, half buried in the mud into which the turf had been tramped. He reached for it, but it was beyond him, and the sweating, grunting mass of horses and riders began again to push and crowd. Suddenly a horse's head beside him was raised high in the air and turned toward him. The mass began to open, and again Bud reached for the ball, but as he did so the horse's head was turned squarely toward him, he felt a velvet lip and then a sharp, shooting pain.

"Hell!" shouted a voice at his elbow, a curb chain squeezed, and Bud drew forth his bare arm covered with blood where the horse's teeth had been in it. He heard a shudder from the crowd not ten feet away, and saw a look of horror on the face of a large-eyed girl in a big black hat. The players eased away from him,

the ball shot out behind, his pony wheeled automatically, and, with his mallet hanging from his bloody arm, he dashed after the others. Then suddenly, from the squirming knot of players, he saw the ball rise from the ground shooting directly before his eyes. The back had left him, to plunge into the last scrimmage, and the field was clear. He jerked the big bay to its haunches and wheeled.

The ball was bounding and dancing down by the boundaries and he sent it, in a short stroke, along the boards. Ten strides and he would be on it again, and, if he missed, the game would be gone, for the field was already roaring up behind.

The pony doubled into a series of great plunging leaps. Before Bud's eyes appeared every detail—the white staring faces at the side lines, the thin edge of the boards and the bounding, slackening ball. With the rush of the horse he raised his mallet, with his arm now red to his finger tips, but, at the very instant of his stroke, the bay, as if in a frenzy, gave a leap and a buck, throwing Bud a foot clear from the saddle; but at the very height of the plunge, gripping with his knees of steel, he swung. There came a clean, hard crack from beneath him, the ball shot away from the boards, and guided by the luck of frenzy, went singing between the posts of the goal.

The roar that arose seemed to raise the very field and Bud relaxed into his saddle like a fainting man. The referee came toward him, lifting his hand, and the crowd swarmed around them. He was lifted from his horse, and Mat was throwing water over his bleeding arm. In the background a triumphant boy was leading away the bay, which appeared the very picture of listless disgust.

They shouted in protest when they heard that he had never thought of attending the tournament hop in the evening, when the cups were presented, and a very red-faced hero he appeared that night with his blue serge coat and his bandaged arm.

But Bud was no longer a "townie," and late in the evening he stood at the rail of the cool piazza watching the lights of the village, with the girl who had worn the big, black hat. Moved by the beauty of the night, they sauntered carelessly down the steps to the soft damp turf, and as they did so a crouching figure which had stolen up to catch an echo of music arose before them. It was one of the stable boys, who muttered an apology and touched his cap. Then seeing who it was he approached them timidly and said.

"I beg your pardon, Mister Hitchins, but might I say that we are all very proud of you?"

And as they moved off in the darkness, the girl leaned over to whisper, "And so are *we*."

Into the Peace River Country by Motor

By Jean Blewett

(*From "Collier's Weekly"*)

THE Scotch say: "Be verra sure o' the man ye journey in lone places with," and the same applies with added force to the machine you journey with.

To do the thing we have been told we could not do—that is happiness. It sets the pulses tingling, makes us fall in love all over again with our undertaking. The Big Peace River man's proposition is this: "We'll motor right through to Athabasca Landing!" "Impossible!" our friends cry loudly. "Impossible!" our hearts echo faintly. But the Big Peace River man cares nothing for doubts or fears; he is used to achieving the impossible. Difficulties only give flavor to an undertaking.

His faith in himself, in his plan, in his car takes hold of us. We smile almost as carelessly as he when pessimistic people come with such heartening prophecies as: "You'll never make it, you'll be glad to turn back." "What's the use of being foolhardy, you'll break down fifty miles from nowhere." "You must remember that a motor is a thing of moods, and once it gets seriously out of kilter all the Indians in the Twanto Valley can't make it move on."

But we refuse to be daunted. "A team's safer. There ain't a car made but'll balk at them hills." This is Harry Fry's summing up, and he reiterates it until we lose all patience, and remind him that his grays have been known to balk on the level ground; whereupon he washes his hands of us and hopes for the worst.

With quite a crowd to see us off we leave Edmonton on a golden afternoon. We have the feeling that she is grateful to us for the example set, and in the hilarious flutter of her flags she is not only wishing us the time of our lives, but telling us that she is sure we will get it. Edmonton is nothing if not optimistic.

Honk! honk! the big car is warning us that time flies. Out comes our host in an old tweed suit and the smile that won't come off; out comes his wife in a khaki going-away gown which stands in a class by itself, a divided skirt buttoned decorously over bloomers of the same material, and a many-pocketed jacket which has the tailor-made trimness; khaki leggings, tan boots, and a Stetson hat with a protecting veil about the brim. Out comes the big kindly scribe and his American wife, trim and dainty, as though starting for some social function instead of the prairies.

A honk of expostulation for the folk in the road, another of daring, a rumble of mingled excitement and delight, and we are up and away; up and away! Jasper Avenue drops behind, the bold streets running out on the prairie drop behind, store and factory drop behind, traffic and trade and the turmoil of humanity drop behind. Nobody cares. Ahead sweeps a world big and beautiful, and brand-new. On and on, out into the big spaces under the blue skies, where the youth of the world is hiding—*youth;* that is it, *youth!* The youth of this old world hides herself in far-away courts like these, sings her songs in the forest, trails her garments by reed and river. We glimpse her, we surely glimpse her. Once or twice we almost catch up with her; by the glow in our hearts we know, as hill and valley wrap us in, that we are nearer to her than we have been since those golden days when just to be alive was joy enough.

"One friendly thing about a car," says the khaki lady as we cut across a rough piece of prairie, "when it tosses you out of your seat it usually reaches up and catches you again." If the occupants of

the first prairie schooner which followed the trail could have looked ahead and seen a horseless carriage flying along at this rate they would have opened their eyes. We skirt a bluff, cross a plain, fly down a long hill, gaining such momentum that we are half-way up before we know it. It is great. The car seems a sentient thing—as run by Jack, the young Scot, at the wheel—she is a sentient thing. Swiftly as a racehorse she covers the level courses, sturdy as one of those hairy-footed Clydesdales bred in the Doukhobor stables she takes the heavy parts of the road, carefully as a mule she picks her way over perilous places. No wonder we take off our hats to her—metaphorically speaking. She seems to sense that it is an unusual occasion, and to play up in a manner we hoped for, but hardly expected.

The Klondike gardens are gay with flowers—poppies, geraniums and roses red—but we do not stop to view them. The trail is beckoning, and the prairie a garden which brooks no competition. It is the shortness of the season which crowds all the bloom out at once. There are paths of bluebells, hedges of roses, blocks, squares, acres of black-eyed Susans, and, for all the world, as if aware that mauve is the popular shade of the season, every insignificant weed, every shrub, shows a touch of it.

At the first rest-house, which happens to be McLean's, we stop, but not for long. We have our real rest and real feast at Eggie's Homestead. It is a fair-sized house shut in by trees. A homier spot it would be hard to find, with its big kitchen presided over by motherly Mrs. Eggie. We have a supper fit for a prince—slices of pink ham, potatoes, bread and butter, home-made both of them—indeed, everything has to be when folk live fifty miles from town. There are pitchers of sweet milk, and pies like our mothers used to make. We do justice to everything—everything—and long for bedtime.

Sleep, as we know it usually, is a soft grey spirit, gentle, desirable, illusive. We court it with quiet thoughts and long silences, and scarcely realize that we have found it. But the sleep of this first night in the heart of wood and plain is of another kind. It does not wait to be wooed. It does not creep. It comes with a rush, seizes you, holds you, drugs you with desire for it until you are dead to everything else.

"If the ladies would be liking to go to their room, 'tis meself'll show 'em the way," announces the little maid.

Liking to go! Eileen, 'tis a jewel ye are and a purty girl to boot. We climb the primitive stairway to the desired haven. Through the window set high in our room comes a rosy glow of light, and a murmur that would fill the world with music if it were as loud as it is insistent, the song of the cedars all alive with the season's gladness.

The oak has a voice, the cedar a breath; at least we have always thought so, but here the cedars, with the loitering sunbeams kissing them to heat and rapture, have wakened up. They have a song of their very own. We would love to listen till the last sunbeam went, and the last amorous murmur died in silence, but this robust, sonsy sleep will have none of it. Somewhere a clock is striking—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—and that is all we know till the maid comes in with fresh water and the announcement that breakfast is waiting.

As we dress we dilate on the beauty, the quiet, and the gladness of it. Since Youth took the trail with us yesterday afternoon we have been children. This lone country is our playhouse.

"Isn't the odor of cedar delicious?" asks the girl who is returning to her home at Fort Vermilion, the most important as well as most northerly post on the Peace River. Eight years ago her mother tied on her hat and sent her to school in old Ontario. She has seen neither home nor mother since. They have grand courage these wives of the Hudson's Bay Company men in the north country. To spare a daughter sweet as this out of one's life for eight long years! Think of it!

"Yes, the odor is delicious," we agree, and kiss her cheek for the mother who is soon to see her; "it comes from the woods out yonder. I noticed—"

"Begging your pardon, it's oil of cedar you're smelling. The missus puts it on the beds whin the notion takes her, by way o' keeping clear of bugs," breaks in the maid, and down to earth we come with a jar.

THROUGH VIRGIN FOREST

The valleys seem narrower this morning by reason of the blue mists lining them lavishly. Our way lies through a wood for a while, a wood which stands as free from mutilation as if God made it only yesterday. Dead trees there are, but they died a natural death from old age, and buried themselves among the new growth. By and bye will come the settler's axe and saw, and the prosaic sawmill, and there will be fields and homes instead of this grandeur. Well, let us be glad that we see it as it is today.

Never before has the rumble of the horseless carriage shaken the valleys, or the call of it broken the stillness of their hills. No wonder they run like the wild things they are. An Indian woman spreading saskatoons to dry on the roof of her hut is taken unawares. She lifts her head, shrieks loudly, rolls to terra firma, and disappears among the pack of yelping dogs. The member for Peace River talks reassuringly to the Indians—better still, he talks in their own tongue. They hide, but presently come forth looking as impassive as copper statues. All but old Chief Big-Bow; he has wedged himself behind a rock and refuses to stir. There is a conversation between our host and the Indian. Deep mutterings on the part of Big-Bow, who sticks to his retreat.

"It's no go," says the white man, laughing till the tears stand in his eyes. "'Devil's wagon nothing,' I told him over and over again in Cree, but he won't listen—he says he smells the evil one—I can't contradict him with all this gasoline fragrance. Drive on, Jack."

The car carries consternation and commotion into the quietest spots. The wild ducks on the bosom of the little lakes take to the rushes with fearful squawking, prairie hens flutter out of the way, calling their broods with shrill cluckings—poor little brown hens! and such a mix-up of chickens! Coyotes are hard on a mother's nerves, foxes worse, but this great monster is worst of all. Cluck! cluck! cluck!

As we cross the Arctic waterways (from this point northward the rivers flow to the Arctic Ocean) we stop to draw a long breath, and take in not only the grandeur of the scene but the significance. It is summer—a hotter, stronger summer than we are used to. She does not stay long here, but she makes good use of her time.

"Love that is too hot and strong
Fadeth soon away,"

runs the old song. It is so with the summer. But while it lasts! All the flowers are in bloom together, all the fruits are ripe together. The raspberry bushes are red and heavy, the saskatoons a deep wine color, the wild strawberry hides in the grass, but her perfumed breath says to every prowler: "Here we are! Here we are!"

And to think that we are here in the season of Golden Glory! Merely an August day! Nonsense; it is the season of golden glory. It is heat and light, and an air so charged with ozone it sets you tingling; it is grasses drying, and berries ripening, cooking in the glow. The earth palpitates with it, the trees sweat balm and balsam in it, the prairie bares a glowing bosom to it, the hills clasp it, the valleys gather it in—gather it in, until they are full to the brim of the rarest riches of all, the golden glory of a northern summer.

We pass the next rest-house—what rest-house could furnish such entertainment as we have had? It is a rough log house with an apology for a window, and a door off its hinges. A board on one corner of it bears the legend. "Rest Hous for Selle—Going Away Som Reason for Saling." Certainly, certainly. If this rest-house were ours we would "for selle" without waiting for a reason. It is reason enough in itself. After we climb more hills and yet more hills, past settlements which seem but patches on a cloak too grand for them—patches, be it said, which cling as though aware they are here by right; past an Indian village hiding in a hollow, past a church—the smallest church, surely, which ever lifted a cross skyward—we come to a spot commanding a view of the country, east, west, north and south. "I spy!" cries the schoolgirl, and we all echo her; for straight ahead, with the hills girdling it, and flags flying by way of welcome to the Automobile Party, lies Athabasca Landing, the Gateway to the Peace.

A final spurt, a honking loud enough to carry consternation, and we fling the gateway wide open, and run through to the

wharf, where the "Northern Light" is waiting to weigh anchor for the second stage of the journey to the Peace River country.

We had thought of it as a wild, out-of-the-way spot, inhabited mostly by Indians and half-breeds. Wild it is in a picturesque fashion, but out of the way—oh, no! In the way, rather, fair in the way, for beyond it lies the great lone land, the last *free* land which awaits the settler.

You find your best people here—kindly, courteous, and up to date. They think for themselves. They have lived face to face with real things, and learned self-dependence in its largest sense.

And, withal, the Landing folk are so full of fun, so truly hospitable, so warm in their welcome. The town is ours, hospitality can go no farther. Nor can the car.

The journey from here to the Peace is by lake and river. Tomorrow we go on board the "Northland," the present cup-holder on the Athabasca.

The Northmen

By CHARLES COLEMAN STODDARD

(*From the "Century Magazine"*)

Who wish no worlds to conquer, they are craven men and churls,
  Who cower from the north wind and shrink them from the sun,
Who rot at home in quiet over tasks but fit for girls,
  Nor heed the wild sea crying where white the billows run.

The spirit of our fathers that stirs our blood to fire,
  The heritage of courage, the mighty gift of brawn
That dowered us from the cradle, they were not meant for hire,
  Or to waste in idle chafing, when the battle-lot is drawn.

Who wish no worlds to conquer, let them stay and till the fields,
  Let them bend their backs in labor while we launch upon the foam,
For the salt is in our nostrils, and the magic that it wields
  Is sweeping from the western sea to urge us from our home.

To bask in tropic sunshine; to battle with the storm;
  The wealth of fabled islands; and distant, unknown lands,
Where the shady palm-groves greet us or glistening icebergs form;
  They are beckoning and calling, and our ships are on the sands.

Who wish no worlds to conquer, they will welcome us again,
  They will glory in our conquests, and will wonder at our gifts.
The salt is in our nostrils, and the sea is whipped with rain,
  And our ships are slipping westward where the breaking fog-bank lifts.

Where Burrard Inlet is a Lake

THERE are in British Columbia a hundred thousand square miles of scenery so beautiful that it haunts the imagination, and you can see a good sample only a few miles from Vancouver.

Where the great fists of the hills pinch Burrard Inlet to the size of a river it is called the North Arm, though it is more like a long crooked finger of the sea.

If you go up to the end of the finger you get into the native country of mystery and romance. Also you get color into your skin and fresh air into your lungs.

You get there in a canoe, a gasoline launch, a motor cruiser, a steam yacht, or a passenger boat, according to your wealth, position in society, or poverty. You cannot walk, because there is no road.

The sternwheeler Skeena used to push herself patiently up and down the river of her name, and wild Indians who inhabit the remote wilderness through which that river runs, as she trudged along, used to gaze at her in wonder and nervous dismay. Many of these Indians had never seen a steamboat before. When the G. T. P. began to run trains along the river, Foley, Welch and Stewart sold the big sternwheeler to Skipper Cates, of the North Arm Navigation Company. She has been laboring between Vancouver and Indian River since. She is a comfortable vessel, and the romance which you associate with sternwheel steamboats sticks to her yet.

You leave behind Vancouver's handsome profile and Vancouver's harborside with the steam-driven iron troughs of commerce, gay-funnelled steam hotels, common laborers of the sea, tugboats, work horses of the harbor, and the smoking, singing sawmills, and the sternwheeler, breathing like a toiling ox, carries you to the head of the North Arm in three hours, and would do it in less time if she did not have to make half a hundred calls at shoreside cottages whose red and green roofs make dabs of color on the dark green background, foam-white tents which flower at the feet of mountain slopes dark with fir, rock quarries and timber camps. But when you go up the North Arm, if you do not go on business you do not care how long it takes the white steamer to make the trip to Indian River, which runs into the Arm at its extremity. The inland voyage is so delightful that you are sorry when it is over.

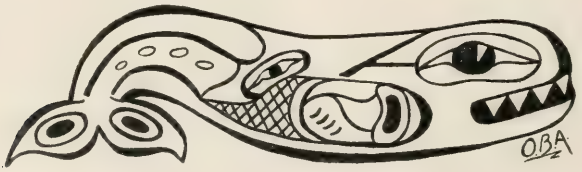
The North Arm is a part of Vancouver's own outdoors. On one trip to Indian River and back you can only see a part of its beauty; it keeps a great deal in reserve. Unimaginative, materialistic Vancouver does not deserve such delicious and enchanting loveliness, and only a small part of Vancouver is aware that such a place lies at the city's doors. The great rough hills shaped in ages unknown, shaggy with spruce and hemlock, fir and cedar, spring directly up from the shining water. The sweeping, inclined planes of the mountains, full of green shadows and silence, spired with dark trees, stretch away on all sides. The rock bones of the doming hills drop scarred cliffs vertically into the water. New perspectives of beautiful lovely hills shoulder into view every time the steamer's course is changed. Blue bulks of mountains crumple the northern horizon. As the sternwheeler pounds on, the mountains heave higher up into the sky. They lose their blue and show green forests. The North Arm narrows delightfully to the width of a little river set with spruce-covered granite islands like a Muskoka lake. These command a glorious prospect of both inlet, lake and river scenery. Here are replicas, on a slightly smaller scale, of the Hudson River palisades. Here are mountains as splendid as the Catskills; the most charming character of the Muskoka Lakes, the Saint Lawrence River, and Georgian Bay is duplicated here. The sweeping walls of the mountains drop more steeply to the water,

and it is almost a canyon that the steamer slips through into the last expansion of the North Arm, at the end of which more rugged, frowning mountains draw together and close it in.

Indian River comes down through a canyon, whose walls recede toward the wild north. It is a mountain stream of black water, filled with trout. There is an hotel at the mouth of the river, the kind of hotel you don't often find in British Columbia, away from the C. P. R. It is perched on a kind of plateau above the lake-like water, but not much above, on the edge of the cool green and brown forest, under the shadow of a mountain. It is an hotel of wide porches and great fireplaces of rough stone, and its water supply comes over a mountain cliff in a cascade of silver spray. Ten minutes' walk from the hotel will take you to a canyon whose grandeur is a surprise to people familiar with British Columbia mountain scenery. Indian River Park deserves a descriptive article of its own, and will get one.

At this time of year, at Indian River, you can witness a red canto in the epic of the outdoors, a scarlet act in Nature's drama. The head of the North Arm is filled with a herd of sockeye salmon, passing up Indian River to their spawning beaches. I suppose they were born in the Indian River shallows, and obeying their heimweh, are returning to the river of their birth, to lay their own eggs on its sun-warmed gravel beaches, over which the clear water lies like blue ether. If you stand on the hotel wharf and look out over the shining water you will see at once that there is "something doing." It is hard to associate tragedy with such a beautiful place. Nothing but the green peace of the mountains should be here. Forest and hill and inlet are washed in the soft sunlight of afternoon. The water is blue satin, and the reflections are photographic. The whole place seems to have fallen under a soft kind of enchantment. But the smoothed water is broken every minute by the flying leaps of silver-flashing fish. And it is spotted in half a dozen places by the black heads of hair seals. It doesn't take much cogitation to bring you to the conclusion that there is a diabolical slaughter going on in those indigo depths of quiet water. The hair seals are feeding like hogs—on the salmon. The little herd of seals probably followed the salmon in from whatever place in the wide sea, offshore or in soundings, they came from. From appearances I do not think the seals followed the salmon up the narrow river to their spawning grounds. But hovering about the spawning beds are thousands of trout, feasting upon the salmon spawn.

The seals are not the only enemies the sockeyes have in the North Arm. Men stand in boats, not sportsmen, but market fishermen, and cast with a long line and a double hook like a trolling hook. The line is weighted at the end near the hook with a heavy sinker, and the caster drags the bottom, frequently snagging a sockeye. From the porches of the Wigwam Inn, the hotel at Indian River Park, I have watched a man snag and land ten fish in an hour, which is good fishing.



The Tale of "Paraffin James"

By H. L. Johnston

"WHAT'S the meaning of the light on the side of the mountain across the lake yonder?" I asked my companion on the night of my arrival in a mining town up country. "That's Coal-oil Jimmie's light. Been 'bughouse' these twenty years," said my companion laconically.

I scented a story.

"Why so called, and what's the idea of living across the lake a thousand feet up the face of the mountain?" I continued.

"Oh, that's a long story and a sad one," was the reply. "If you have the notion to take a walk up to my room in the hotel, I'll tell you the yarn."

I readily assented, and we climbed the steep hill leading from the lake to the main street of the town, out from the side of another mountain.

My companion was an old timer in the interior. He was sixty years odd, and came to the country long before the railroad was through to the coast.

When we reached the room he propped the pillows on the bed up against the wall for me, and when I was settled threw himself full length on the other side of the bed with his feet where the pillows ought to be, dangerously near my head.

The room was at the back of the hotel, and from where I lay I could see Coil-oil Jimmie's light twinkling faintly, struggling against the brilliant moonlight.

Down below lay a few straggling streets and a sawmill on the waterfront. To the east was the lake stretching in a shimmering streak of silver for seven miles or more, while to the west the snow-capped peaks of the higher mountains were still just tipped with the last blood-red rays of the sun.

It was very still, and the lonely light in the sheer fore of the rock opposite was the only artificial element in the scene on the further side of the lake.

The surroundings put me just in the mood for a yarn, and I lay back on my pillows in dreamy content.

My host was soon comfortably settled with a "chew" in his cheek, and the spittoon handy, and he began his story.

"'Coal-oil Jimmie,' or 'Paraffin James,' as the English folks prefer to call him, lit into Fort Steele—up in the Crow's Nest Pass—two days after I did, that is in May, '82. His real name was Anderson, James Anderson—a Scotsman, of course.

"He was straight from the Old Country, and as green as grass. Even in them days I was reckoned an old-timer, havin' left my home in Brookville, Ont., in the summer of '75. At that time I hit for the old Cariboo mines north of Yale, on what is now the main line of the C. P. R. They say there's still a mint o' wealth to come out of that region, but somehow I always seemed to be just too soon or just too late to strike it rich. I got sick of the hard life and hiked for the old home place in '81, intendin' to stay there. But I couldn't do it! This prospectin' makes a slave of a man. Hope never dies in a prospector's heart. I'm sixty odd and more now, but I always reckon I'll strike it 'in the spring.'

"It's not only the prospectin' and the excitement of it, but the air of houses always kinder choked me. Any of the bunch of prospectors around this country is the same about that part of it. Sooner or later they tire of the life of the city and the struggle of the streets, and they hike back to the woods, where they can sleep all night beneath the stars, and get nearer to the primitive ways of the Indians, gathering with their own hands what they need for food. I guess most prospectors have got a streak of the barbarian in them

somewheres, not buried very deep either in many of 'em."

The old fellow half closed his eyes while he talked, and I began faintly to realize the stifling sensation of city life to a man such as this, a man whose whole life had been spent in the mystic, silent, prowling world of the forest. To such a man the voice of the wind in the trees, the roar of the mountain torrent and the free air of the mountains have a charm which is beyond the comprehension of the city dweller.

"Well, as I was sayin'," the old man continued, "Coal-oil Jimmie, if he had his rights, would be Mr. James Anderson, late of Aberdeen, Scotland, and if he had his rights, he would not be the lonely bughouse old cuss he is, but would be livin' a white man's life like other folks along o' his wife and bairn. Instead o' that, there he is searchin', searchin', always searchin' for a lead he lost track of way back in the summer of 1890.

"From '82 to '86 Jim and I was pardners up around Fort Steele, that is some miles north of where the station called Fort Steele is at the present time. Later on we was washin' gold on the bars in the Fraser River below Yale, just east of the Canyon.

"The luck seemed to turn as soon as I took on with Jimmie. Jim made quite a stake in five years, and in 1881 he hikes off to the old land to fetch the girl he left behind him. He come back in the winter of that year with his bride, and then they was as happy as a pair of turtle doves.

"They went down to the Boundary country to live at first, and their boy was born there in '81. In the spring of '88 Jimmie came up here, leaving his wife in Great Bend with his brother and his wife. He was workin' for a syndicate, prospectin' along the north shore of the lake, and it was his party that made the first strike at the place where the Tony Jackson mine now is. Jim quit the party towards fall and went prospectin' on his own account in the hills. He was gone till November, and it was on his way back that he made his strike on the mountain up yonder.

"Jim never was a drinkin' man, but for once the excitement of the find proved too much for him.

"I was in town when he come down to record his claim. He brought down the finest sample of ore that had ever been seen in this district, and he was ready to set up the drinks for the whole town. The town was willin' to swaller all he could put up, and Jim got paralytic, for, I believe, the first time in his life. He was all in by the middle of the afternoon, and he was to have gone home to Great Bend the next day. Late in the evenin' a preacher washed into the town and put up at the hotel. I was loungin' round the stove and heard him askin' for Jim.

"It wouldn't have done for the preacher to have gone up to the room and find him in that state, so I ups and says that Jim was a bit played out after his trip, and must on no account be disturbed till morning.

"This seemed to kind 'er excite the pilot, and eventually, findin' that I was pal o' Jim's, he told me the news he had brought. It appeared that Jim's wife and the bairn and Jim's brother and his wife had been out on the lake—Christine Lake that is—and the rest of their tale was told by an upturned boat bein' found on the lake. No bodies is ever recovered from them inland lakes in this region.

"It fell to me to break the news to him.

"When he come round in the mornin' and got his senses together a bit, his whole ideas was bound up in the joy that the find would bring to his woman. He was making plans for a swell trip to the Old Country afore I had the heart to tell him his wife and bairn were drowned.

"When I told him, as gentle as I knew how, he just looked at me square and never said one word.

"I thought best to leave him alone with his grief, as the sayin' is. Later in the day I come back and went up to his room. It was empty—Jim had paid his toll and flit.

"I made all the enquiries possible, but for two months and more I never could get any track on him at all. I had begun to think that he must have made away with himself, when one night I seen the light twinklin' out up yonder and that sets

me thinkin', knowin' as his claim was located somewheres in that direction. It struck me as kind 'er peculiar and I made enquiries.

"Next day Jim hisself turned up again. He was a changed man, though.

"His beard had growed and there was streaks of white in his hair.

"He didn't seem to remember that he had ever had a wife and bairn, but just told me that he was workin' on his claim up there.

"For a time he made good money, but he took to drink and blew in the shekels as fast as he could make 'em.

"Then all of a sudden he seemed to straighten right up, and he told me one day that he had lost the lead which he had known to contain practically inexhaustible wealth.

"Since then he has been offered large sums for his claim by folks with the capital to instal machinery, so as to locate the lost lead again. Some say that only last spring he was offered $65,000 for the claim.

"But Jim won't sell; he says the claim belongs to his lass back in the old land, and none shall touch it except himself.

"Now he sells coal-oil all summer, in town here, and manages to make enough at the game to keep him alive in the winter so he can work at his claim and search and search for his lost lead.

"He thinks he'll find it at last, and maybe he will. But maybe when he does, his memory'll come back and he'll 'member his lost wife and bairn, and then, and only then, perhaps, the gold will lose its hold over him. He's fifty now, and men don't live to a great age who spend all their lives prospectin' in the hills.

"But when Coal-oil Jimmie cashes in his checks and his light goes out for ever, there'll be somethin' missin' about the mountain across the lake, I'm thinkin'."

Witch-Woman

By CELIA HARRIS

(From "McClure's Magazine")

Witch-woman, witch-woman, take your spell from off me!
Why would you be wanting a decent lad like me?
Up and down the hurrying street, the girls and young men scoff me.
Were-woman, dear woman, will you let me be?

I must be a-building with my builder brothers,
Here where the giant girdered city stands;
And every day I dawdle and leave the tasks to others,
Remembering the white touch of your hands.

I would be a-marrying a wife before I'm older;
Fine I would be knowing a room swept bright,
And a little wild son leaping on my shoulder;
But I hear your voice love-calling in the night.

Witch-woman, witch-woman, take your spell from off me!
You should not be wanting a tether-heart like me.
When I follow near, you only cheat and scoff me.
Witch-woman, witch-woman, why not let me be?

The Best Way to Spend a Summer

By M. Macbeth

(*From "Canada"*)

ARE you one of the men who feel cheated out of your just deserts if you can't "rough it a bit" during the summer? If so, why don't you go off with a survey party?

You can leave your razor at home, have your hair cut when one of the boys has time to do it, and change your clothes—well, every month, perhaps. And in place of a Williams shaving stick and a tin of talcum powder, you can provide yourself with a choice piece of fat bacon (not for eating purposes), a bottle of oil—a black, glutinous variety—and any patent medicines your friends may recommend as being efficacious in the case of fly-bite.

Now, flies include mosquitoes, black flies, deer flies, sand flies, "bulldogs," and several kinds of flies not yet catalogued. Each one is worse than the other, and any one of them will cause the skin to swell, so that in a particularly pestilent area your face—usually pale at home—will look like an over-ripe tomato. They are of Indian extraction, probably, these flies, for the most vituperative English and French oaths leave them unaffected and their sting as caustic as ever.

Clothes? Away with immaculate evening dress, collars, artistic Madras shirts and their complementary ties! Perish silk socks and patent leather pumps!

Instead, look over your supply of clothing and pick out all the things you could not possibly wear; then take stock of these, laying aside some old favorite suit of the year '02, which *might* do for a fishing trip—it is too good; sort and divide until you find an utterly unthinkable outfit—and even in it you will be an over-dressed fop among the Indians, around Waterhen Lake especially, whose costumes are various and sundry. Their head-dresses range from a police Stetson hat to a dirty rag, the colors of which once have been gaudy, some of them quite indecently rouge. They prefer to wear their shirts outside their trousers, and a rusty safety-pin often forms a unique ornamental touch to a remarkable costume.

In deference to old-time traditions you will occasionally feel that some part of your attire needs cleansing—a bath in the lake consequent upon a capsized canoe not being sufficient—and on a particularly hot night you will divest yourself of something, kneel on the ground outside the tent, and "do a washing."

Then, as never before, you will long for the belligerent face of Mrs. O'Flannigan, who, with arms akimbo, has stood upon your threshold loudly demanding half your month's salary, without which "not anither dhrop av wather will I put on yez clothes, so help me!"

The first day you drag a heavily laden canoe through mud and slime, waist deep, you will long for the flesh-pots of Philistia, and wonder why you went into the untrammelled wilds—a pioneer, to suffer hardships which smug settlers twenty years from now will read of carelessly, and not understand. You will mutter to yourself, "Is this a wet portage, or a dry canoe route?" and the towline, growing taut, will answer you.

Then suddenly the man ahead will suck in his breath sharply, and point to a bush beyond. "A deer!" he whispers, excitedly. You look—a flash of red-brown glints a moment between the trees, and it is gone!

An added source for grumbling—the first deer you ever saw, and not a loaded gun ready! Your back aches, your legs are stiff, and something inside you has gone wrong. You would kill a man if he suggested it was merely hunger. The chap ahead, who is an old hand, ventures a word

of sympathy or encouragement, which you instantly resent, and things look pretty black for your outing. But when the sun sinks you find an old camping ground, and it seems like the hospitable roof tree of your pal at home—it is almost like going into civilization again, to find something which shows other men's presence in the lone wilderness.

He who has volunteered to cook gets the pans out, and presently you are eating such a meal as the giants of old ate, and roaring with laughter at a joke which is decrepit and infirm with age. The day's labors are forgotten, and those of tomorrow cast no menacing shadow before. You know a peace undreamed of in haunts of civilized man.

Dish-washing is a matter of scraping your plate and calling the dog, then the hush of the faultless night closes round you. Lying on your back, looking into the blinking eyes of millions of stars, which even the radiance of the moon cannot dim, listening to the noises of the night, Longfellow's words come vaguely to you, almost in your sleep, and even while you try to frame an answer to the question of your companion—

And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold up their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away.

A camp! A real home! A place, after a twenty-four miles exploration, to return to, and maybe find the mail!

Then there is a social life in a camp. The natives all visit you. Perhaps a stray priest passes along and holds service. A few Indian children are baptized, taking kindly to the grotesque names given them by the camp wag.

Here is a photo of our guide, Nicholas Nickleby, so-called for no apparent reason. He is a good sort, and would have a very nice smile if he had better features for it to work upon! Among his people, however, he is quite an Adonis, or whoever represents manly beauty in Cree mythology. He teaches me the native tongue, which I defy anyone to write; in return, I teach him English as spoken by a Canadian. Our latest camp acquisition, fresh from Lancashire, speaks an entirely different tongue—so Nick thinks.

This fellow, by the way, came out to do "rawnchin', don't yer know," but "roughin' it a bit" appealed to him just now, so here he is. He arrived with the kit one might use going shooting in Scotland, further augmented by a small tin bath. He could not handle a canoe, cook, nor take any useful observations, so we put him at chopping wood. The first day's acquaintance with an axe resulted in a deep gash across his foot. The wound needed drastic treatment, and as no one would volunteer to act as surgeon, rather than attend a funeral within the hour I offered my services, and managed to effect a cure, more by good luck than any surgical skill. In a week the chap was about again, putting his tub to an ingenious use—he stood in it to chop!

The daily dressing of the wound was a matter of absorbing interest to the Indians, and, like Byron, I awoke one morning to find myself famous.

"Captain Thaddeus Walker," rouged with artistic abandon, stood under the flap of my tent, in company with the faithful Nicholas.

"Woman sick," he said.

"What's the matter with her?"

"Sick."

"Too bad."

"How much?" he asked, producing a bottle of murky-looking fluid from his very vitals.

"What is it?" I asked, beginning to take notice.

Nicholas explained that three years previously a party of surveyors, passing through the country, had prescribed this remedy for "Captain Walker's" wife, but that the amount she took had escaped their minds. They now looked upon me (who did not know any more of medicine than Aphrodite Pachyderm, the latest named baby) as one possessed of miraculous knowledge.

Scraping off the accumulation of three years' grime—Mrs. Thaddeus evidently is not a fussy housekeeper—a label was discovered, and, on closer inspection, these words: "Hudson's Bay Company's Triple Extract of Lemon, for Flavoring."

'Ah," I said, professionally, "you might give her three drops twice a day."

A good man should carry such a load a mile or two. Let the new ones beware

of more than a hundred pounds, however, for a start.

After sailing all afternoon in a canoe on Whitefish Lake, with a stiff wind blowing, making you careen madly every second, so that capsizing looks to be a certainty, "portage" has a welcome sound.

From Fort McMurray to Lac La Biche we had two guides. Until these men joined us, my sympathy for the decadent red man had largely petered out—living amongst them six months had that effect. But Gregoire and Porcupine were almost human. They retained the simplicity and faith in the white man accredited to their forefathers, which, as the following story illustrates, did not advantage them materially:

A party was making for McMurray from Athabaska Landing for the winter. We met, and the Indians proudly exhibited some very fine skins they had intended to sell after leaving us. The chief of the upgoing party looked upon the skins with a covetous eye, and, producing an old silver medal—a souvenir of someone's wedding anniversary or the like—he called Porcupine aside. Soon the chief returned with the skins and the Indian with the medal.

He told me the next day with tragic pride that the King (Edward, too, though George was on the throne at the time) had sent him a personal gift of the medal, by the chief, and in return, as a token of his appreciation and gratitude, he had sent back his skins to his Majesty King Edward VII. There was quite a little feeling between the two red brothers because Gregoire had not been given a like chance.

The Call

By CORA D. FENTON

(From the "Outing Magazine")

Have you heard the calling, calling of the Distance,
Through the purple reaches where the mountains wait;
With the Dreamland round their shoulders, where the sunset fire smoulders—
Oh, the guarding Distance calls us from their gate.

In the morning it entices with the sunrise,
In the evening it is urging through the gold;
We must heed the sweet insistence, for this mystic blue-veiled Distance
Hides our wished for land of Dreams within its hold.

We will cinch the saddle tighter, tie the strings of wide sombrero,
While the mists about the top are gray and dim;
With the eager trail uptrending, and the morning sky low bending—
Oh, the evening star will see us o'er the rim.

When the wind blows thin and keen about the summit,
And the camp-fire sparkles warm upon the brim,
On a couch of pine boughs fragrant, who would scorn to be a vagrant,
And follow when the Distance calls to him?

Shooting the Big Blue Grouse of Vancouver Island

By Ernest McGaffey

(*From "Recreation"*)

BLUE grouse shooting is full of surprises. The country hunted over may be at once easy to traverse, or hard and even dangerous to negotiate; the shooting may be the reverse of difficult in some places and under some circumstances, and at other times may present startling contrasts calling for all of a crack shot's experience and skill. And it is this infinite variety which lends such a peculiar fascination to the pursuit of the birds.

All over the southern portion of Vancouver Island the blue grouse are to be found, and in September the broods are seen through the lowlands and along the roads, almost as tame as barnyard fowl. As the season advances they begin to edge a little further up the foothills and evince a trifle more suspicion of the approach of men or dogs. As in the later months, they will still take to a tree at times, staring stupidly at intruders and offering tempting marks to the pothunter. One of the uncertainties of this kind of sport is this same propensity to "tree" on the part of the birds. Your dogs may be fairly slobbering with excitement at a particularly "birdy" stretch of country, and you may be dreaming of doubles, left-quarterers and straightaways, and all the while no birds are getting up. As a matter of fact, they may be safely perched some hundreds of feet above in the tops of cloud-kissing Douglas firs, where you cannot possibly see them. The scent may be two minutes old, and fresh on the noses of the mystified dogs. The prospects may be simply great. And yet—often and often, you draw a blank in ideal covers and are compelled to acknoweldge yourself beaten, after having nearly twisted your head off peering into the surrounding firs and delivering yourself of your private opinion of such "low-down," though high-roosting birds.

YOU MUST CLIMB FOR THEM

Travelling in the blue grouse country means mountain-climbing quite a good bit of the time. Not merely up steep foothills, but cliff-climbing. Sometimes dangerous, sometimes not. But always the need of sound lungs and the sturdiest of underpinning. No man with poor legs can hope to do much in blue grouse shooting ordinarily. He may occasionally have the good fortune to run into a covey of birds on the lower levels, but generally speaking, he must do the "Excelsior" act to reach the choice spots, and keep on climbing. The character of the country varies from almost bare rock benches and ledges to steep slopes lined with fallen logs and grown up with ferns, "sallal" or bull-pines of the sapling order, and all this ripped in every direction with deep or shallow gulches, holes, gullies and dry waterways. There are thickets which you have to literally bore your way through, too.

Of course, in these thickets you are likely to flush a ruffed grouse (called here the willow grouse) and you will be told that no blue grouse will take cover there. But just to lend a spice of contradiction to this theory you sometimes do find the blue grouse there, even when you imagine the dog is standing on a point where the ruffed grouse would most likely be hiding. These are exceptions to the rule, but they occur.

Blue grouse will vary from eight to

twenty-five birds in a covey; usually from six to twelve or fifteen birds. They lie well to a good dog, but will sometimes skulk about and require some "roading" before they are found. Some shots afford ridiculously easy marks, and yet their lumbering rise and awkward first flight sometimes puzzle the novice at this sort of shooting. The clean, crisp flight of the ruffed grouse or quail is easier to some men than the more labored and irregular flight of the blue grouse. Their flight varies, too, and some birds show a surprising agility in darting over rocky ledges and putting trees between them and the line of discharge.

AND THEY TAKE SOME SHOOTING, TOO

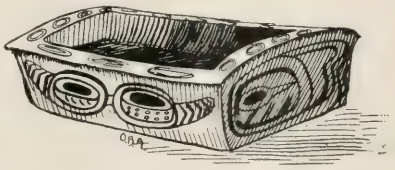
If you happen to be hunting below a companion, and the birds commence to fly down hill over your head, you may depend that it takes quick and accurate shooting to drop your birds as they swing past down the slopes; and especially if they have had a good start. Usually they will not lie quite as close as the ruffed, or willow grouse; nor the pinnated grouse (or prairie chicken). They have nothing of the rocking motion of the latter bird before getting under way.

Sometimes a bird will drop over a cliff where you would certainly risk your neck by following him, or your dog's neck if you sent him on to retrieve. In such cases discretion is the better part of valor, and you will do well to let him go. In the high places you may also run into a bevy of mountain quail, larger and brighter-colored than their valley brethren. These will test your marksmanship, and their homes in the cliffs afford good chances for sudden disappearance over peak and chasm.

The scenery in these altitudes where the grouse are followed is bold, rugged and inspiring. From some places you see the fresh-water lakes on the one hand and the salt-water arms of the Juan de Fuca Straits on the other. At odd times a deer may break from the upper reaches and go plunging and zig-zagging down the inclines. Twelve-gauge guns and No. 6 shot are heavy enough for this kind of sport, and hob-nailed boots, stout leggings and duck trousers are also a necessity. Some shooters wear white coats and a white hat, and even white trousers, to advertise their presence to the deer hunters. This kind of a costume is the best in the "bush," as no one, not even the rankest kind of a "tenderfoot," would mistake this "plasterer's" garb for a buck, even in thick cover.

Five to eight birds in a day is enough, even when the birds are plentiful. Sometimes a party will make a showing after a four or five days' shoot which seems unreasonable, but it all depends on the length of stay and the number of guns. On our last trip we averaged about five birds a day and the "kid" usually came in with about two on the "wing" and two from the trees to swell the total.

The birds were very plentiful last season and will be thick this year, from all reports. Blue grouse average a trifle heavier than a prairie chicken, and are a better table bird. What with the exhilaration of the climbing, the usual coolness of the weather, the chance of a shot at ruffed grouse and mountain quail, the sport beats "chicken" shooting hands down. And in some districts the lordly ring-necked pheasant may give you a shot, falling like a vision of kaleidoscopic brilliance to the sharp report of the gun.



The Nationalist Party

By T. W. King

(*From "Collier's Weekly"*)

FROM a mere group the Nationalists are becoming a political party which may hold the balance of power in the next Parliament. They are at present confined to the province of Quebec, but there is reason to believe that they will have candidates at the next general elections in several Ontario districts, and possibly in other parts of Canada. They are nearly all of them French-Canadians, but they deny that their party spirit depends upon any racial predilection or that it is not wide enough to spread over the whole Dominion.

Until the recent by-election in Drummond and Arthabaska, the general public associated the term Nationalist with the personality of Mr. Henri Bourassa and his differences with Sir Wilfrid Laurier. After that election—most unjustly, as the Nationalists claim—the term represented to many minds an anti-British propaganda in the province of Quebec. There was some surprise that gentlemen like Mr. F. D. Monk, for years the Conservative leader in Quebec, and other French-Canadian Conservative members of Parliament should co-operate with the Nationalists. Even today the exact relations between the Nationalist and Conservative parties in Quebec is not accurately known. It must be remembered, however, that the newspapers in Ontario did not attempt to give an adequate report of the fierce election campaign which preceded the by-election in Drummond and Arthabaska. The speeches were all delivered in French at joint meetings, under great strain and excitement, and an occasional sentence of an occasional speaker wrenched from its context cannot furnish any real indication of the true spirit of either party in that campaign. The fact that the English-speaking voters of the riding divided, perhaps, one-half of them supporting the Nationalist candidate, sufficiently disproves or at least challenges the assertion that disloyalty was the keynote of the Nationalist campaign.

But without entering too deeply into this particular point, more or less controversial, it may be interesting to note what the Nationalists say of themselves and to recall the names most prominent in this group of men, nearly all of them young, brilliant and devoted.

ASSELIN THE REAL FOUNDER

The founder of Nationalism was not Mr. Bourassa, but Mr. Oliver M. Asselin, for some years editor of *La Nationaliste,* Montreal. In 1903 he was the private secretary of the present Prime Minister of Quebec, and became impressed with the fact that the great natural resources of the province should be better conserved and distributed in the public interest. He, and perhaps a dozen other young men, formed a little group, having for its aim the betterment of social conditions. They tended slightly toward Socialism—at least toward the public operation of public utilities; the movement was rather social than political. As a corollary to the main object they came to include resistance to any imperialistic movement which would tend to diminish social comfort by draining men or money from Canada for wars in which Canada was not directly interested. They also came to the defence of the French language on the ground that racial disputes should be avoided by maintaining the status quo. Such disputes, they contended, could only divert the attention of the people from economic problems.

It is not easy to say just when Mr. Henri Bourassa became a Nationalist. He was elected to Parliament as a Liberal in

1896. With the rashness of youth, he opposed the sending of troops by the government to South Africa. His contention, if it had been brought forward as a constitutional question in times of peace, might have been dispassionately discussed, but the man who stops to argue when a war is in progress gets a listless hearing from the public. Mr. Bourassa's motives were impugned as disloyal in the English-speaking provinces. It must be said to his credit that he resigned his seat in Parliament, appealed to his constituents, and was at once returned by acclamation. He was re-elected to Parliament in 1900 and 1904 as a supporter of the Laurier government. In the sessions of 1905 and 1906 he sharply criticized the Prime Minister upon the Autonomy Bills and the Lord's Day legislation. He also spoke and voted with the Opposition in censure of alleged irregularities in several transactions involving the Interior Department during Mr. Sifton's regime—notably the North Atlantic Trading Company contract. It was not until 1907 that Mr. Bourassa became identified in the public mind as the leader of a new party.

At that time he stepped from Dominion into provincial politics. He was challenged to stand for the Legislature against Hon. Mr. Turgeon, one of the Gouin Ministry, at a by-election in Belle Chasse. Mr. Bourassa accepted the challenge and entered the race, first resigning his seat in the House of Commons in order to become eligible for the Quebec House. He was defeated, but the following year he was a successful candidate for the Legislature in St. James division, Montreal. Once in the Legislature, Mr. Bourassa confined himself to provincial affairs, until the naval issue caused him again to discuss Federal politics. He is discussing them today and every day in his newspaper, *Le Devoir,* in Montreal.

Bourassa's oratory is popular, but he lacks the social instinct which a leader needs to build up an organization. He has none of John Macdonald's ability to make devoted personal friends out of his supporters. He rules the intellect rather than the heart of his people.

First lieutenant to Mr. Bourassa is Mr. Armand Lavergne. He entered Parliament at twenty-one years of age, and, like Mr. Bourassa, resigned his seat to enter the Legislature of Quebec. Lavergne is not just Sancho Panza's build, but he wears that frame of mind toward his leader. Bold enough in statement in Quebec, he gives a rather Bowdlerized version of his political creed when he addresses an Ontario audience.

Mr. Arthur Gilbert, the victor in Drummond and Arthabaska, was described in the despatches as a plain farmer. He is a farmer, it is true, but he is also a creditable member of Parliament, who is rapidly mastering the English language, and casts an independent vote whenever a division is taken.

Another strong Nationalist is Mr. Omer Heroux, editor of *Le Devoir.*

THE NATIONALISTS LACK ORGANIZERS

The cause of the defeat of the Nationalist party so far has been the absence of organization. They have many brilliant speakers, but few quiet, level-headed organizers like Mr. Esiof Patenaude, whose work is remembered in Drummond and Arthabaska.

One of the orators of the party is Mr. Ernest Guimond, a lawyer of St. Hyacinthe, twenty-seven years of age, and likely to be one of the Nationalist members in the next Parliament.

Other active personalities in the group are Messrs. N. K. Laflamme, of Montreal; Elzear Levesque, a lawyer, of Chicoutimi; Napoleon Garceau, mayor of Drummondville; Rene Leduc, who founded *La Libre-Parole,* and Mr. Jules Fournier, journalist.

Mr. Monk, who stood shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Bourassa in the anti-naval campaign, is a lawyer, and has lectured for many years in the law school of Laval University. How far he is in sympathy with Mr. Bourassa upon other issues is not known, but there is reason to believe that more than one member from Quebec in the next House will owe his seat to the combined efforts of those two men, so singularly unlike.

The Rebellion of Wilhelmina

By Elsie Singmaster

(*From the "Century Magazine"*)

"TINY," began Louise, with tears. Louise was forty years old, married with good fortune far beyond her deserts to Miles Barrett, and the mother of six children. "Tiny—"

Wilhelmina answered long before the eyes of her other sisters, Harriet and Mary, had had time to flash to each other disapproval of Louisa's tactlessness. Harriet was Mrs. Herbert Wilson, Mary was the wife of the Rev. John Smith.

"My name is not 'Tiny,' Louisa. It is Wilhelmina, and I wish you to remember it. I was perfectly willing to be called 'Tiny' when I was a baby, but now that I am forty-two years old and five feet nine inches tall, I do not like it, especially from persons younger than I."

"Very well," assented Louisa, dully. She said to herself that she would have assented to anything, if only this horrible business could be cleared up. But of that Louisa could see no prospect, even though the minds of all of them were bent upon its solving. Their father was at hand also, working at his desk in the next room, but he could not help. Father did not count, had never counted. Within his book-crammed library he was allowed to be as queer, as untidy, and as irritable as he liked; outside it, his wife and his younger daughters had always treated him like a child. He was supposed to understand them no more than they understood his Arabic texts. Harriet always spoke of the texts as Choctaw.

Now he worked away calmly, making the strange noises in his throat to which his women-folk had long since grown accustomed, and remaining totally oblivious to the fact that there was in progress the first serious difficulty of their amiable lives. The slight testimony he had given had only complicated the matter for Wilhelmina.

Either by chance or with great tact John Barrett had taken himself off. He was Miles Barrett's brother, held in enormous awe by Miles' wife. When he had arrived unexpectedly from Boston she had sent him, as usual, to her father's. This time her guest-room was being papered, and John was not a person to whom one could offer less than one's best. Louisa and Harriet and Mary all sent unexpected guests or bothersome children to their father's. And John Barrett always frightened Louisa, he was so important a person, and exceedingly cultivated. Louisa never knew what to say to him. She often wondered what he thought of Wilhelmina, and hoped that the superior creature comforts which one had at "father's" would compensate for the dulness of mind of an unmarried woman of forty-two. She had advised Wilhelmina to send his breakfast to his room in the English fashion. Fortunately, he was not there for many other meals. Louisa still prayed that he might have been away all of last night. It was bad enough to have a sister unmarried at forty-two; it was horrible to feel that that sister had been guilty of an amazing indiscretion and that a person like John Barrett knew it.

Wilhelmina stood by the window, the sunshine on her curly hair. Her sisters had always envied her her curls and her slenderness. They envied her the more now as they themselves grew fat and gray. It seemed such a waste for Wilhelmina to be so pretty.

Wilhelmina made no defence; she pretended not to know what they meant.

"It was this way," explained Harriet. She was not tearful like Louisa; emotion made her almost savage. She had been

outrageously treated, and she meant to speak her mind. Her husband's deprecatory cough had no effect upon her. "We came into town to the theatre and we missed our train."

"As you very often do, Harriet," interrupted Wilhelmina, calmly. Already in the position of the greatest strategic value with her back to the light, she now sat down and took up some knitting as an additional support. She never sewed; she hated putting in tiny stitches. It was not until much later in the day that anyone remembered that for the first time in her life she had knitted on Sunday.

"It doesn't make any difference whether we miss it or not," Harriet went on. "The children are well taken care of, and it gives Herbert a longer night's rest."

"We always have to waken Wilhelmina," reminded Herbert, uneasily.

Harriet proceeded, unheeding. She never paid any attention to what Herbert said. She had learned from her mother how to manage a husband.

"It is perfectly right that I should come to my father's house. It is still my home, just as though dear mother were still with us. As I said—" She turned her frowning brows from Herbert to Wilhelmina. There was not only disapproval in her eyes, but there was real concern, almost fright—"as I said, we missed our train and came to my father's house to spend the night. And—" Harriet's voice rose tragically—"and we could not get in; the door was locked against us!"

"The maids cannot hear the bell in the third storey," said Wilhelmina. She spoke quietly. They all spoke quietly, being well-bred women. "And father cannot hear."

"We have always got in before," said Harriet.

"Because you rapped on the pipe that runs down by my window," answered Wilhelmina. "I always heard you, and came down and let you in, and made up your beds, and got you something to eat."

"And you didn't hear us last night?" asked Harriet, slowly. Her tone offered to her sister an opportunity to confess.

But Wilhelmina was dull.

"No," she said; "I didn't hear you."

"I should think you would have a bed made up constantly for such steady visitors, Wilhelmina," laughed Miles Barrett, a little uneasily. He was as fat as his wife, but much handsomer. He had always been fond of Wilhelmina; he pitied her now, with all these women after her. If it had been any morning but Sunday, he would have been at his office instead of in attendance at this family council. And why did they not come to the point? It was perfectly true that Wilhelmina had done a strange thing—at least the women thought it was strange—but he was perfectly sure that Wilhelmina could explain.

Wilhelmina smiled back at him.

"Harriet can't sleep in a bed that isn't freshly made up," she said. She turned to look smilingly at Harriet. "I'm sorry, Harriet, but I can't see that it is anything to be angry about. You've been married for fifteen years, and you've missed your train at least once a week ever since, and I've never failed to let you in and make you comfortable. Have I?"

"It is my father's house," protested Harriet. "I've always advised you, and helped you run it. I ought to be 'let in,' as you call it."

"No, Harriet." Wilhelmina laid down her knitting for an instant. "It is father's home, and it will be all his life, but it is not his house. It is *my* house. Aunt Wilhelmina gave it to me, as you know. And—" Wilhelmina paused for an instant, then went on with the deliberation of one who has long weighed her words—"the furnishings are mine. Mother left them to me in her will, as you know. I am delighted to have you and Herbert come in at any time, even in the middle of the night, and I am perfectly willing to get up and let you in. I do not mind Louisa's sending Mr. Barrett here—"

"Does he know?" faltered Louisa.

Wilhelmina looked at her. "Does he know what, Louisa?"

It was then that Louisa remembered that the main issue had not been touched. "Oh, nothing," she groaned. "What were you saying, Ti—Wilhelmina?"

"And I am perfectly willing," went on Wilhelmina, even more calmly, "to have Louisa's four children here for a month while the other two have the mumps, and then to have the two while the other four

have the mumps. I am glad—that is, I have been glad to leave the furniture exactly where it has been for the last twenty years, because Mary has a sentimental fondness for having it the way mother placed it, even though it's inconvenient and mother would have changed it long since, but I wish you would realize that it is because I like to please you, and not because I consider it my duty. And hereafter—"

"But—" began Harriet.

"But, Tiny!" gasped Louisa.

"Why, Wilhelmina!" cried Mary.

"She's perfectly right," said Louisa's husband, and the other men nodded. They became each moment more desirous of escape. Their errand began to seem insulting. Mary's jolly preacher husband reminded her that church time was approaching, and she answered that there was still an hour.

"But, Wilhelmina!" Harriet's voice choked. She was getting to her subject at last. Louisa began to cry, red spots came into Mary's cheeks, and the men looked at the floor. "Where were you last night?"

"Where was I last night?" repeated Wilhelmina.

Harriet looked at her, gasping.

"I—I—don't want to seem like a spy, Wilhelmina—none of us does—and we wouldn't d-dream you could do anything wrong. As I said, we missed our train, and then we could not get in. We didn't mind standing in the snow and banging at the pipe. And we might have gone right to an hotel, only I had to borrow overshoes to go home today, on account of the snow, and, besides, I was frightened. So we went to the chemist's at the corner and rang his night-bell, and he came down and let us in and Herbert called you up on the 'phone and there was no answer. It was twelve o'clock, Wilhelmina."

"The maids aren't expected to answer the 'phone after eleven."

"But the extension 'phone is in your sitting-room, and you sleep with the door open and you are a light sleeper. You weren't in the house, Wilhelmina!"

"Well," said Wilhelmina.

"And you hadn't told anyone you were going out, and there has never been a night in your life that we didn't know where you were, and—"

Wilhelmina laughed almost hysterically. "I am seven years older than you, Harriet."

"But I am married. And I have had children, and I—I know the world, and we have always planned everything for you, and we have tried to make it up to you because you weren't married, and—"

"Don't you think it is time I had a little liberty?" asked Wilhelmina, lightly.

"And so this morning early we called up the house again, and got father, and he said you were home last night."

"Didn't you believe him?"

"Our dear father," sobbed Mary; "it would be so easy to deceive him."

Louisa, too, burst into sobs. "And John Barrett must have known it," she said. "I had to send him here because the room was being papered. I don't know what he will think. I—"

Wilhelmina got slowly to her feet and looked round at them—at her three fat sisters and their greatly superior husbands, and over their heads at her father working away in the library. Her eyes seemed to say that the joke had gone far enough.

"Will you good people please tell me what you mean?" she asked sharply. "Miles, what is it?"

There was no cutting in before the flood of Harriet's speech.

"So we called a taxicab and drove to Louisa's, and there—and there—" The flood of words ceased. Harriet, too, resigned herself to tears.

"Miles!" begged Wilhelmina.

"It's all nonsense, I'm sure," he said. "Louisa and Herbert came in, terribly wrought up, and we couldn't get the house on the 'phone, and then our Helen came in in great excitement to say she'd seen you going into a restaurant with a man. I told her she must be mistaken, but she insisted that she knew your hat or coat or something. The women thought it was late for you to be out, that's all."

"Then what was my niece doing out at such an hour?" asked Wilhelmina.

"She had been to the theatre," explained Louisa. "She was driving home with Mrs. Wentworth. She was chaperoned, Wilhelmina, and you were not. They all

saw you, and poor Helen was so mortified she almost cried."

Wilhelmina's eyes travelled from one to the other. The eyes of Louisa and Harriet and Mary were averted. The hysterical note returned to Wilhelmina's voice.

"Eighteen-year-old Helen weeping over the sins of her forty-two-year-old aunt! Doesn't that seem a trifle ridiculous? And suppose I did go to a restaurant for supper after the theatre!"

"Wilhelmina!" said Louisa.

"Wilhelmina!" cried Harriet.

"Wilhelmina!" groaned Mary.

"You don't know how often I have been there."

"That," wailed Louisa, "is the awful part."

"Or how often I may go there in the future."

Her three brothers-in-law, even the Rev. John Smith, stared at her with astonished, amazed approval. Her three sisters stared at one another aghast. That Wilhelmina, in the foolish immaturity of an unmarried person, might yield even once to the temptation to be unconventional was hard to believe; that she boldly purposed to repeat the offence was incredible.

There was a middle-aged woman of their acquaintance, a widow, who surrounded herself with a circle of admiring young men whom she took yachting and automobiling. Was Wilhelmina, staid, forty-two-year-old Wilhelmina, to become another Anna Lenwood? They knew no wrong of Anna Lenwood, but her behavior was undignified, unconventional, mad.

They remembered with terror the elderly men, friends of their father, and the boys, sons of friends of their own, who liked to go to see Wilhelmina. They remembered also their own children, Wilhelmina's nieces and nephews, whom they had expected her to enrich as their Aunt Wilhelmina had enriched her. Suppose Wilhelmina should buy a yacht and an automobile!

Harriet found her breath first.

"No unmarried woman should go to a theatre or to supper alone with a man if she is eighty," she declared. "The newer set may do those things. We do not."

"But suppose," said Wilhelmina, slowly, "suppose I should say I was going to be married."

Louisa spoke as though she were planning Wilhelmina's funeral.

"Father would have to—to announce your engagement," she faltered. "And you could have a matron of honor. Any one of us could be it. And we would give you luncheons and—and—but, or, Wilhelmina, *why* do you do it?"

Wilhelmina ignored the last despairing wail.

"I think that such weddings are vulgar."

"Vulgar!" cried Harriet and Louisa and Mary together. All their weddings had been six-week pageants of dinners and luncheons and theatre parties. Again their husbands looked at each other shyly.

"Yes, vulgar," said Wilhelmina.

"Well, I give up!" cried Harriet.

"And to whom," faltered Louisa—"to whom would you like to be married?"

"I am married," said Wilhelmina. "I was married last evening at Dr. Pryor's. Then we went to the theatre. We sat two rows behind Helen and Mrs. Wentworth, and we went out early on purpose to avoid them. I never thought of their driving past *our* restaurant. Then we came home. I sent you announcements this morning by special messenger. If you had waited a little longer you would have got them. The others have gone by mail."

"Announcements," cried Harriet—"to your sisters!"

"I didn't wish to be talked over even for a week."

"And who—" gasped Louisa, in her mind a dozen frantic possibilities of attractive, foolish boys and unattractive old men, each of whom was an enemy taking an inheritance away from her children—"who is the man?"

"The man?" Wilhelmina flushed crimson. A man appeared suddenly in the doorway. At sight of him Louisa groaned once more. It was John Barrett. She had been praying that he would not appear.

John Barrett seemed to be very much at home. He walked across the room, put his arm around Wilhelmina, and called her Tiny.

"What do you think of it?" he asked them all.

"John!" said Miles Barrett.

"Is it *you?*" cried Louisa.

"Of course," said John Barrett. "None of you supposed that a man could live in the same house with her without falling in love with her, did you?"

His brother, and newly acquired brothers-in-law rushed forward to seize his hand. To each of them Wilhelmina presented a flushed and dutiful cheek. Her sisters did not come forward. Harriet managed to cross the room to put her arms round her father. He had come into the room not to assist in the discussion—he had not known that a discussion was in progress—but to find a book which he had mislaid. In the years of Wilhelmina's gentle administration he had occasionally forgotten that he had been trained to keep his books in the library. Harriet embraced him tenderly.

"We can forgive her for treating us this way," she mourned; "it is you for whom we resent it, Father. To go out of your house alone, and be married at the clergyman's without an engagement, without attendants, without—"

Father shook himself free.

"Now, Harriet," he said, "don't be a goose. If you are talking about Wilhelmina's wedding, she had an attendant. I was the attendant. Wilhelmina, where is my book?"

The Logger

By GEORGE B. STAFF

The logger's got his stake to blow,
And he has traveled far
To make a little liquor flow
Down at McIlroy's bar.

For miles around they've all come in,
And if you stay about
You'll hear above the noise and din
The happy logger shout:

"Come, fill 'em up, bartender;
Step lively an' don't wait;
I brought 'er here to spend 'er,
Get up an' celebrate!

"Come all ye that are drinkin',
Step up you family man;
We'll blow 'er all, I'm thinkin',
So drink up while you can!"

The logger's got his stake to blow;
Yes, he has traveled far,
And he is making liquor flow
Down at McIlroy's bar.

The Love of Pavel

By A. F. Palmquist

EMIL PAVEL was one of a crew of several hundred engaged in structural steel work. Five months before he had left his peasant home in Poland, induced by the glowing descriptions of wealth to be easily gained in Canada. He was assured he could earn more in a week than he could in Poland in a whole summer. It would be easy for him to earn a home in the new world; and, when this was done, he would send for Nina, his sweetheart.

Emil Pavel did not manipulate the whirring drills or the chattering pneumatic riveting machines. He was an unskilled laborer. His work was to feed the concrete mixer, and this he could do faster and for more consecutive hours than any of the others, for Pavel's shoulders were broad and his arms long and sinewy. When the day's work was done he felt rich in the possession of one dollar and seventy-five cents for the ten hours' work. In the still summer evenings he would sit and watch the glow of the sunset die out of the west, and smoke his pipe in peace, and dream of Nina and the home to be.

Seemingly he took little interest in what was going on about him aside from being prompt and willing in his work. He never took part in the Saturday night carousals, and his voice never mixed in the mighty babel of Slavic, Polish and Lithuanian.

"There is a good man," the foreman said; "he is worth half-a-dozen of the other Dagoes."

At the end of one week his pay-check was short fifty cents, and Pavel could not understand it. He pondered about it for a long time. Finally he decided in his slow, sullen way that the timekeeper was at fault, and in his broken, gibberish manner, he asked questions about the fifty cents.

"Oh, shut up, Hunyak! You are getting more now than you've got coming," the timekeeper told him, and swore at him and called him a vile, filthy name—a name that even Pavel understood, after some thought.

Pavel reflected about the incident the rest of that day, and even that evening, as he smoked and thought of Nina, the injustice done him, and the insult hurled at him rankled in his breast.

The heat was intense on the following day. Perspiration flowed in rivulets down the faces of the men working around the concrete mixer. Pavel dropped his shovel and went to the shade of the bunkhouse to get a drink of water. The timekeeper saw him coming and yelled something at Pavel which the laborer did not understand. Then the timekeeper jumped up and knocked the tin cup out of his hand. Instantly calloused fingers closed about the throat of the timekeeper, and his face grew purple and his eyes bulged out of his head. Then the men intervened and saved a life. Pavel picked up his shovel and went back to the concrete mixer as if nothing had happened.

At times Pavel did two men's work, his own and Tony Mordkin's, in order that Tony might lie on the grass and rest. Tony had been in America two years, and the dust around concrete mixers somehow made his lungs weak; he would cough and spit at night, instead of sleeping as the others did.

One day the low scaffold or platform on which Pavel and his helper stood suddenly gave way and the two men were pitched headlong toward the machine. Mordkin was only bruised, but Pavel's right foot was crushed in the gearing. He was sent to Vancouver, where they took him to a large hospital. He felt ill at ease in the wardroom with its rows of immaculate cots. Now he had plenty of time to think about Nina and the cottage he would build.

The company's claim agent glibly told him hopeful, sanguine things. He said

that the company was under no legal liability because the danger of the employment was known and the risk was assumed; furthermore, the carpenter that built the platform was a fellow-servant of Pavel's, and for these reasons Pavel could recover no damages in a law suit. The whole thing was incomprehensible to Pavel.

"But," the claim agent continued, "the company wants to be generous with its employees, when they are fair and make no threats of suits for damages. We will pay you one hundred dollars in settlement, and besides, pay your hospital bill."

One hundred dollars! Pavel could hardly believe his good fortune. The amount was not quite sufficient for his object, but what a start!

After two months Pavel left the hospital on crutches. He sought out Mikel Maret, who worked in a steel mill, and arranged to live with his family until the injured foot should heal.

The autumn lengthened into winter and Christmas came. Still Pavel limped around on crutches. On sunshiny days he would sit out on the dilapidated porch and tell little Ignatz and little Jan about Poland and the songs and the games of its people. Of an evening Pavel would betake himself to Poniatowski's saloon cafe on Cordova street, and then he would sit by the hour and listen to the music and the songs of the musicians, who were at once orchestra, band and chorus. Like many another of his countrymen Pavel's pulse quickened at the soft, dulcet tones of Polish music.

Finally his foot was sufficiently well, so that he could rest it on the floor, and this was a moment of great joy. That evening he had an extra glass of Poniatowski's beer.

After almost interminable efforts Pavel found work in the steel mill where his cousin worked. His work consisted of moving back and forth a small lever that controlled the jaws of a huge machine which punched holes in the ends of steel rails. This work he could do sitting down, and it required neither alertness nor skill; the operator was merely a part of the machine. Had it been otherwise, Pavel would never have qualified for the position.

In the spring a money-order was sent to Nina to purchase her passage to America. The day was one of feverish gladness to Pavel. He now earned nearly as much in the steel mill as he had on the concrete mixer, and, in his dumb way, was very happy over his prospects. Now it was very seldom that he went to the saloon cafe on Cordova street—not oftener than once a week; but when he did go his dull grey eyes would light up at the exquisite melodies of the Polish songs.

As he was going through the high iron gate of the steel mill one Saturday night he, together with those who were with him, was handed a circular, printed in six different languages. They were ordered not to go to work on the following Monday morning. The strike was on. Maret, his cousin, had induced Pavel to join the union and had often talked to him of the necessity of labor organizations; but Pavel thought little of the matter. That very night he accompanied Maret to a large hall where several speakers harangued the excited audience in as many languages. Maret was a leader in the union; but Pavel could not get interested in such things as strike, union, scab and picket. The only thing he thought about was the fact that Nina was coming and he was out of a job. The whole affair disgusted him. His idleness would make it impossible for him to marry Nina when she came. Little Ignatz and Jan, Maret's children, were sick, and Pavel's slender earnings went to pay druggists' and doctors' bills.

Meanwhile the steel mills had again opened, although with a much reduced force. Strike-breakers were imported from mills in the East. Each night speakers harangued excited audiences in cramped, ill-ventilated halls. The rights of labor, the certainty of success, the demoralization of the mill owners, the perfidy of being a scab—these and kindred things were set forth by speakers, who spoke rapidly and gesticulated wildly. In these meetings all was hope, buoyancy, determination; in the laborers' homes, on the other hand, the spectacle was totally different, for here, in nearly all cases, the grim hand of Want was seen.

Nina came one spring day and was filled with joy at the wonders of America. She, too, was domiciled in the home of Maret. That evening the girl and her lover sat

for a long time on the dilapidated porch and talked things over.

Like Mikel Maret's wife, Nina secured work in a garment factory, where her beauty and sprightliness attracted the attention of all.

Pavel walked the streets all day in search of work. Once he was promised to get a job in a cooper shop, and his elation was great as he returned home that evening and told Nina. However, his hopes were shortlived, for the next day he was discharged—the black-list was working. Then began anew the search for a job, with the same result each day.

To Nina, Vancouver was a place of beauty and joy almost beyond comprehension. The brilliant lights, the laughter, the gay clothes, all charmed and bewildered the girl. To her no more wonderful sight could be imagined than the show-windows of the downtown stores. America was a wonderful land. She made friends easily, and she was much sought after in a social way by those among whom she lived and worked. With her black eyes sparkling she would tell Rose Lupin about her "gentlemen friends" and her triumphs. Rose Lupin would show little interest. She had worked before a thundering sewing machine in the garment factory for four years and she looked ten years older than she was. The long hours of wearying toil had stooped her shoulders, and the bad air had sallowed her complexion and made her eyes lustreless.

It was the happiest day of Nina's life when she won the first prize for waltzing at a competition held at the Elite dancing hall. She came home very late that night, but when she arrived she found Pavel waiting for her. The two sat down on the steps of the dilapidated porch and had a long talk. The girl went into the house first, her lover remaining out on the porch smoking and thinking.

A few nights later, as Pavel was dragging himself homeward from a protracted meeting of the union, a young woman and her escort reeled out of a "family entrance," their maudlin voices mingling in foolish laughter. In the lurid light of the street lamp Pavel recognized the girl. He saw red, and instantly his whole being was aflame with an irresistible passion. He sprang upon the girl's escort and bore him to the gutter, his iron fingers tearing at the youth's throat. A policeman's club caused Pavel to desist before a life was taken.

Pavel walked on and on the balance of the night and far into the next day. He had no clear idea of where he was going, but he wanted to get away from the lure of the city. As he trudged on his heart became lighter when greeted by the great outdoors.

Her Deliverer

By D. M. Cameron

"'TWILL be a hard pull to the land the lads will have to-night," said old Donald, as he peered through the gathering gloom out across the wild waste of waters, but he hobbled back to his net-mending without the satisfaction of observing the little fishing smack that contained, among others, his son, the only hope of his old age.

As his hands flew back and forth his thoughts were all of his boy.

"A good, steady lad is he; no father ever had a better," meditated Donald, "and what a pity it is that the boy has no companionship and no trusty lass that he can be making for his wife. I am glad, too, that he cares nothing for these half-breed women that are to be found at the village, and there are none other for upwards of fifty miles. Ay, it's a heathen land I brought my child to, and it would have been better had I taken him back to old Scotland when his mother died, where he might have chosen a wife after the pattern of my own Jean."

Suddenly the door was burst open and Hugh appeared, bearing in his arms the body of a woman, which he placed upon the bed, telling his father as he did so that after his companions had left him at the landing he discovered floating upon a timber an object that looked like a human form. He was not long in jumping into a boat and pushing out to the object, only to find his eyes had seen correctly and that it was the figure of a woman.

"I cannot tell if she be alive, Father," said Hugh anxiously.

"Feel for her heart, lad," answered old Donald, "or perhaps I had better, for you may not know that women have hearts; it is something you have yet to find out."

By Donald's direction stimulants were administered, the drenched clothing exchanged for some garments Donald had long cherished because of belonging to his dead wife, and father and son watched anxiously beside the bedside of the unconscious girl.

As Hugh smoothed back the damp brown hair of the fair young girl and listened eagerly for the breathing that came more regularly and distinct, it was as though a hitherto closed door had been suddenly thrown ajar and he beheld beauty and happiness of which he had never conceived, and it seemed to him the past few hours had been but a dream from which he must soon awaken to go back to the old life without a woman's face to cheer him on his way.

There was an awakening from a dream at this time, but it was the awakening of the girl from her unconsciousness to look enquiringly with frightened blue eyes into the face of her deliverer. Then it was that the old man bade her have no fear, that Providence had sent her into a humble home, but one in which she should be protected and cared for until she should desire to go forth from it.

Donald did not need to be told from her lips that she had come from the hills of old Scotland; the accent dear to him was too apparent for that, and his heart had already warmed to her before she related something of the story of her life; of the recent death of her mother, and how she, being quite alone, had resolved to start for America; of her journey across the continent and then taking passage on a steamer for Alaska; then of the shipwreck, and lastly of her rescue and deliverance into the home of her countrymen. It was then that the girl broke down and sobbed bitterly, as she asked the old man what she should do with no money, no clothing, and hundreds of miles from a seaport city.

"My lassie," said Donald in his kind, grave way, "far be it from me to rejoice at the misfortune of any being, but how

often have I longed for a daughter to lighten and cheer our home, for it is a sair makeshift for a home a man can make without the presence of a bonny woman. Can you no look at it as I can, that Providence sent you to bide here and be as my own daughter, long since laid away? The world is always a hard place for a lass alone, and it is in the shelter of a quiet home that you should abide. Now here are my son and I, the one a rough, uncouth man, you may think, but one with as kindly and true a heart as ever beat, and the other a poor, helpless cripple whose few remaining years must needs be spent within the boundary of this humble home. How I have longed and prayed that a good woman's presence and influence might come into it to abide with us, and now God in His goodness has sent you here to dwell with us."

And thus it came about that Jessie Ross became a member of the little family in the far Northwest. With a woman's skilful touch she brightened and improved all things about the cabin, the occupants included.

To Hugh her presence was a delight such as the young man had never dreamed of before. From the night when he sat beside her unconscious form and coaxed back with stimulants the color to her cheeks and the sight to her eyes, he knew only too well that her recovery and her future life meant more to him than any force that had ever entered it. He had wanted her to live, but when he found that she would recover, the thought of her going away to her friends was maddening to him, and he wished she had died in his arms that night; but oh! the joy unspeakable when she told them that she had no home or friends, and promised his father that she would remain with him and be as a daughter to him. Then began the glorious days of love, such days as all lovers know in part, but seldom to the extent that Hugh experienced them, for it was a happiness that, great man though he was, he was partaking of for the first time, and with all the strength of his manly nature he adored and worshipped the young girl in his father's house. By no comparison did she suffer, for if the world outside contained girls with prettier faces, sunnier dispositions or better housekeepers, Hugh did not know it; to him Jessie Ross was the embodiment of all that was good and beautiful. It was her goodbye words that lingered in his mind all day as he toiled upon the treacherous waters, and it was for her song that he harkened as he drew near the shore at even time. Nor did the girl appear anything but pleased at the feeling Hugh manifested toward her, and he, as he thought over his prospects for the future, had every reason to believe that her regard for him was something as his own.

It was a beautiful evening at sunset that Hugh McLeod and Jessie Ross wandered down along the shore, the girl looking for the seaweeds that the outgoing tide had left bare upon the rocks.

"Jessie," said Hugh hesitatingly, "I think with Father that God was good to send you to our home, and from the first night I saw you I have loved you, until I can keep it to myself no longer, and I want you to be my wife."

The song of Scotland the girl had been humming died short upon her lips at the utterance of Hugh's first few words, and the shapely head was bowed as if she would hide her face from Hugh's gaze.

"Answer me, Jessie," said Hugh, "and tell me that you do care for me. I could not but think all along that you cared somewhat for me. Is it not true?"

The face that she lifted to Hugh's gaze was as white as the collar at her throat as she replied in unsteady tones: "I will not say that I do love you, and I canont say that I do not. Oh, Hugh, it will hurt you sore to hear it, and it will hurt me sore to tell what I should have told long ago. I am—a married woman; and Hugh, now you will despise me and hate me, and I shall not murmur at my just deserts, and you will hate me more when I tell you I have wanted you to love me, that I have longed and wished and prayed for the hour to come when you would tell me this. Oh! I have known all along that you were growing to care for me, and that I ought to have told you the whole truth and saved you this pain; but instead I have been happy to think you had come to love me. You who have saved my life, who have given me a home and ever treated me as became a true man, I have brought you to the place where all is sorrow—you who

will suffer as few men can suffer. I have brought you here willingly. You hate me now, and you have a right to hate me, but Hugh," she cried, terrified as she looked at the tall form that seemed suddenly aged and the eyes that stared hard out over the ocean and seemed to see nothing, "you shall listen while I tell you all, and then I will go away out of your life and you must try to forget me.

"Mine was a lonelier life than that of most girls, for I had an invalid mother to care for. We were poor, and when Malcolm Ross came to court me, mother felt it was a great chance for me, as he was a man of some little means. I knew he did not love me, and that he cared nothing for myself, but only for my face; but what with his promises to pay the mortgage on our little home and other presents, he worked upon my poor mother so she insisted on my accepting him. This I did, knowing all the while that his was not a nature that could tenderly care for any girl. The day before we were married he told me he was obliged to sail for America, where his partner was looking after his mining claims in Alaska. He said I could not go, on account of my mother, which I well knew, but that we would be married and he would soon return. Well, we were married, and with a cold 'Good-bye' he left me and started for America. From that day to this I have never had a line from him, although I knew he was alive and well, as his partner wrote to his own mother occasionally and always mentioned him. About a year afterward mother died, and I wrote him a long letter of appeal to let me come out to him, but received no reply, and alone and saddened as I was I could endure it no longer, and I determined to sell the little home left to me and come out to my husband. Then began the long journey across the ocean and continent, ending with the steamship passage at Vancouver and the shipwreck following. You know the rest: how you rescued me, took me to your father's house and commenced to grow fond of me, and I, yearning and craving for the love of the man who should have loved me, but who neglected and spurned me instead, rejoiced that after all it was within my power to awaken love in the heart of a good, true man. Oh, Hugh, you think I was heartless and cruel to do it, but you can never know how I was hungering for the love that should rightfully have been mine and was withheld from me by my husband. But, Hugh, I have not been quite so utterly cruel as you think. I have thought of the pain this would give you, and I had planned to tell you all and get away before this time came. I have written to David Wallace, my husband's partner, to ask him where my husband is now, telling him I am going to Alaska as soon as I can get word as to my husband's location; but if David advises me not to come, that I will not be wanted there, I will go down to Vancouver and get work. It will be at least two weeks before an answer can reach the settlement, and may I stay here and wait for it, or shall I go right away tonight?" she asked, looking up into Hugh's face with all the timidity of a child who had transgressed.

"Jessie, it is true we cannot both remain here," answered Hugh; "but I am the one to go away. How could poor Father live without his daughter, and what place is an unfeeling city for a lone girl like you? If that man wants you to go to Alaska—why, it will be different; but I'm thinking he will not, and he must be more than a brute to have treated you so. No, I will go away. Father has often wished he could spare me so I might have a trip into the north fishing country, and I can be getting a place on the 'Betsy,' that leaves from the settlement in a few weeks from there. No, Jessie, if he does not want you, you must remain with father and I shall go; but if he is there and wants you—why, I guess it's for you to say what's best." And the girl, without a word, seemed to accept his decision in the matter.

Wearily enough did the days wear on after that.

"The lass must be ill," the old man thought; "she will not sing and she will not talk, and Hugh is that fond of her that he seems quite beside himself because she is ailing."

Hugh meanwhile had secured a place on the schooner that would soon leave for the north, so sure was he that Jessie's husband would not want her to go into

the country where he was. "When she is alone with father she will get over it all, and I—well, it's hard, but what right has a tough chap like me to take a matter like that to heart; when I'm away from her I'll forget it all." But he ground his teeth as he said it and knew that he was lying.

Nearly three weeks had passed since that eventful evening, when Hugh, coming from the landing after his day's work, came face to face with Jessie, who rose up from the great rock where she had so often waited for him in the old days. It was the first time he had seen her alone since that night, and he was not pleased that she should remind him of the old times by being there.

"Hugh," she said hesitatingsly, "Bob Clark did not go out with the boats today."

"No, Jessie," he answered coldly.

"And instead he went down to the settlement, and he brought me a letter, and, and, I—want you to read it, Hugh."

It was a moment before he reached for the letter which she held toward him, and in that moment his face took on an ashen hue, and the hand with which he grasped it shook like that of a palsied man. It was yet light, but he read with difficulty, for letters were things with which he had little dealings:

"Dear Mrs. Ross,—

"It is bad news I have for you—news you would have heard long ago if you had been back in Dundee. Malcolm Ross was drowned seven months ago in crossing Black Bear Rapids. His body was recovered and lies in the burying-ground here. You must not grieve for him, for he would not have done so much for you.

"His claims are worth some few thousands, and as his friend and yours, I will see that you get all that is rightfully yours.

"Hope you will remain where you are, so these matters can be taken up without delay.

"Yours truly,

"David Wallace."

Hugh handed her the paper without a word, and they had nearly reached the cabin before he spoke. "I hope I do not rejoice at the bad luck of anyone, but he was not worthy of you, Jess, and I trust it is for your sake and not my own that I'm not sorry he is gone.

"Oh! Hugh," she cried, "isn't it for your own sake, too, that you cannot say you are sorry; don't you feel glad to know there are no barriers between us now—oh! don't you; or Hugh, Hugh, can it be you don't care for me any more?"

For answer Hugh took her into his arms as he did that first night months ago and carried her into the house. "We will tell father now, and he shall never hear of the unhappy part now past."

Once a month the Episcopal missionary came down to the settlement fifteen miles away to hold services, and on his next appointment he found a request awaiting him that he go over Sunday afternoon to the home of Donald McLeod and perform a wedding ceremony.

It was a great launch load who accompanied him, for Hugh was known to everyone in the surrounding country, and the remarkable story of the finding of pretty Jessie Ross by him had made her as well known as himself.

"I would they could be joined by a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church," said old Donald, "for the service of the Church of England savors much of popery to a Scotch Presbyterian; but since it is marrying with a ring that church goes in for doing—why, here is the ring I placed upon the finger of my own bonny Jean at our betrothal, and may her blessing go with you both, as mine has from the first."

The Singing Men

By Garnett Weston

HOP YICK WO handed me a cup belonging to the teaset of the Seven Thousand Heads. He smiled his usual baffling smile and pointed to the tiny faces painted on the china. They were Chinese, some with snaky black moustaches, others with shaven lips. The black queues cob-webbed a background to the heads so that the faces hung like flies in a spider's mesh. I looked at Hop Yick Wo's smiling face and past him to the silken hangings backing his joss. A rampant dragon on the silk seemed to stir as the shrine smoke rippled over its golden scales. My eyes came back to the little cup. The leering faces were devilish. The amber-shaded tea was like the hemlock of the Greeks. Then the homely voice of an Irish carter rasped up from the road and I remembered that I was in a little room fronting on Pender street. Opposite me was Hop Yick Wo, pouring tea into the handleless cups of the teaset of the Seven Thousand Heads.

They were frail as pearls and delicately moulded as bi-cut bubbles. They held rather more than an eighth of a pint. Hop Yick Wo poured the tea from a wicker handled teapot. In the sepia lights of his room the Seven Thousand Heads seemed to take on expressions of deeper-shaded satire. They sent sidelong glances circling the china. They winked and smiled and nodded. The teapot seemed like a sponge: the tea that came from it the blood of the bodyless heads fastened on the sides. When I thought of this the smiles vanished and I saw frowns and pain-wreathed visages. There is something very odd about the tea-set of the Seven Thousand Heads.

Presently Hop Yick Wo produced his water pipe and passed it to me. Also he gave me a lighted taper and a silver watch-case filled with chocolate-toned tobacco, torn into shreds. When I had drawn my lungs full I gave it back and he in turn enjoyed the abbreviated Chinese smoke.

While he breathed the blue foam I looked at the gilded fretwork of eagles and flowers and gods on the wall. There were pictures of slave girls with their red lips and black eyebrows. There were painted prayers and shining mirrors. Allegorical figures posed in landscapes painted with life-less colors on silk. The blinds were drawn and the little room looked like a picture taken with the lens out of focus.

Hop Yick Wo lay in a padded chair covered with pink silk that melted into shadows and curves with the softness of a rose. The arms and legs were of wood so old that it had turned black. Dragons and snakes crawled over it, strangely carved. There were vines and flowers and fans. The peaked back rose into the graceful sweep of a pagoda.

Hop Yick Wo was an old man, but his face was well preserved. His forehead was higher and less sloping than most of his countrymen. His nose was longer and the bridge did not sink into his face as so often happens with the Chinese nose. His was a face strong and weak, wise and foolish, masculine and childish. The eyelids drooped over his black eyes where lay the smouldering fire of cats and other jungle creatures. It was the face that plays with kites and firecrackers on the day that it smiles at men dying red deaths. He lay lazily in the pink chair and the pearly grey of his loose-sleeved coat and silken trousers covered with masses of brocade gave him the appearance of a giant moth resting with panting wings. His hands were like yel-low ivory carvings, long and thin, polished so that they shone creamily. His slippers were white silk with black soles. The heels, high and French, were in the middle. When he walked he rocked forward as on a pivot.

Now he took from a rack a queer musical instrument with two strings. When Hop Yick Wo balanced the drum end on his head and picked at the strings with his long nails they sent shivering glimmers through the air that were shining as silver filings and light as whispered dreams. Also he played a two-stringed thing with a bow like a violin, and the music's whining cry was as the voices of the Singing Men.

A queer thing is the voice of one of the Singing Men. Listen to its high chords and gather the music from them. The city's streets are filled with flowing crowds. Hearken, as they pass, to the words of the Chinese. No other people in all the world speak as they do, in voices that are neither sharp nor flat, but run along a questioning scale of half notes. If the Chinese voice were set to music in colors, as in the olden time, the shade would be pale amber, for that would best express its ascending *tang, tang, tang-a-lang.*

You cannot talk about the Chinese in the machine-made phrases of the white men's talk. They belong to the past and are as much a part of today as would be the mailed armies of the Crusaders or the earlier hosts that trailed down into Egypt and planted the dynasty of the Shepherd Kings. If you would speak in English the perfumed thoughts of the Chinese you must use bric-a-brac terms.

Night fell like a great sigh in the alley and the sepia-shaded room faded until the smouldering shrine-fire was a red glow which shadowed in all the gilded carvings of gods and fishes and birds. Hop Yick Wo had gone back to his waterpipe, and its irregular firefly glow fell on the pink chair so that it seemed to blush. I said goodnight and went down the narrow stairway into the street and mixed with the Singing Men. I saw little windows with fans and paintings of Confucius. There were bottles of pickled bettles—great green things as large as a humming bird—a tasty mouthful. A bony hand went into a box of dried shrimps and carried some of the little brown skeletons to a Chinese mouth. There are not many people who could eat the raw bodies in that careless way. I turned a corner and at once the shuffle of slippers changed to the click of heels on cement. I had left behind the Quarter of the Singing Men.

Indian Baskets

By LUCY WAKEFIELD

(From "The Sunset Magazine")

The silence of the sky's eternal blue;
The murmur of the forest, and the song
That lifts the morn; the rosary of dew
Upon the humblest plant or thorn
The Indian woman weaves in baskets rare.
Not fanciful her dream. Within her heart
Are traced the wondrous patterns of her care.
The beauty of the spring; the summer warmth,
Its lavish gold of sunset—all are there.
The fire that spent itself in leafy vine
When autumn came; the hush of falling snow;
The strength of mountains voiceless and sublime—
She weaves, while in her soul the ceaseless flow
Of stream or river guides her skilful hand
To deeps of boundless thought we may not understand.

The Guardians of The Gorge

By C. L. Armstrong

(*From "Collier's Weekly"*)

FISH-TAIL, the son of Many Tongues, was old. He sat, in the red evening, on the long prow of a dugout, and looked away across the sparkling harbor water to the smoke of the city, pouring from the flaring stacks of waterfront factories. Behind him, dimly etched in the dusk, were the low shacks of his people. Far into the darkness southward stretched the verdant land of the Reserve, a strange oasis of wilderness in a desert of civilization. This for fifty years—yes, for more than fifty years—had been the home of the Songhees. In two leaps, had he been young again, Fish-Tail could have touched the whitewashed wall of the long community lodge with its black-traced legend of the shark and the whale and the salmon set there by the West Coast tribesman whose squaw was drowned in the Fraser fishing. Behind it the charred ruins of the old village still stood with the weather-beaten lodges among them. Curs barked in the trail that skirted the village or quarrelled in the dark over discarded salmon heads. About him the native shipping, the canoes, and dugouts, with here and there a modern Fraser River power boat, loomed familiarly. It was all peaceful and familiar, just as it had been always. The old man drew his hand across his eyes. It was hard to believe that all this land of the Songhees was theirs no longer; that on the morrow they would move far, to a new reserve, returning only for their dead. It was hard, too, to believe that his people were richer than many of the white men; that even he could lay his withered hands on $10,000 of the white man's money.

"Seems a long cry to the days of old Camosun."

Fish-Tail turned slowly to the white man who had spoken, the white man who was his friend. Perhaps it was the mood induced by his reverie that made him open his heart; perhaps it was the realization of the close of an epoch. After a pause he swung his arm slowly toward the city where the tall white street lights now shone brilliantly. "You white men," he said, in fluent English, "call Victoria Camosun because the old fort of the King George Men (Indian designation of all Englishmen; Americans being known as Boston Men) was called Camosun. It is wrong. I will tell you the true story:

"Have you ever noticed the masses of white foam that sometimes drift down the harbor from the narrow place above? It comes from what you call The Gorge. Well, that foam is made by the Camosun. They are animals, formed like huge fish, and they live in the sea. Their home is at the bottom of that narrow place you call The Gorge. Many years ago there were great numbers of these, but they are few now. I know that by the small patches of foam that drift down when the tide ebbs. Once, the whole harbor was covered with the froth; now there is very little, and I know the Camosun are passing away. In the old days the roaring they made when the waters rushed swiftly through the little passage was fearful and made men draw back; now one can scarcely hear them.

"It was the Camosun that used to guard the narrow place and the shores above where the banks were covered with the lodges of our tribe. Over there where your great town is now no one lived. There we hunted, and the hunting was good. Our young men made nets of rawhide and snared the deer and elk on the grounds where Senator Macdonald now has his home. The young men stretched the nets between two leaning poles across the runways of the foolish deer. The deer

ran against the net and the poles fell, tangling the unwary victims so that the hunters killed them easily.

"Yes, it was then that the Camosun guarded The Gorge, and they guarded it well. Who was there of all the tribe, in those days, who would dare to face that narrow place in a canoe? One day when almost all of our men were away, hunting and fishing, a war party of our enemies stole up the arm from the sea. They hid themselves below our village and waited until darkness came. Then they manned their war canoes and paddled almost to The Gorge and waited there until the new sun began to streak the east. The waters were as a sheet of glass, for the Camosun slept. The invaders paddled quietly through and stopped before our village. They kept close in the shadows of the dark woods and waited, for no smoke arose from the lodges. After a time our women appeared, fetching water and firewood. Columns of blue smoke rose from the lodges, and there was the noise of a new day in the village. And yet the invaders remained hidden. Soon our young women were setting about the day's work, some going for the night's wood, some for roots and herbs, others for oysters, of which there were great quantities in those days. These oysters, in fact, were the food of the Camosun. Soon a party of girls were working along the banks, gathering the camass in baskets. They sang as they worked. They thought of the young men who were afar at the fishing and the hunting. They had no thought of danger; but as they worked they drew nearer and nearer the canoes hidden in the shore bushes. Suddenly there was a rush of feet and a quick, sharp scuffle, and the maidens were borne swiftly to the canoes.

"Out from the lodges ran the crippled old men, the women, and the children. No young man was there to raise a hand in defence; there was none who could pursue. Those on the bank wrung their hands and raised a wail for their young women who were now destined for slavery. But wait! —the triumphant cowards approach The Gorge in their swift flight. The waters are no longer still. What is this? They leap and swirl and twist and turn. The roaring is as a thousand thunders in one. The Camosun are awake and rushing to defend their passage. On rushes the long war canoe with the captive girls and the enemies of our people. The Camosun leap into the air and lash the waters into awful fury. The canoe, drawn by unseen arms, moves faster and faster; now it is in the mad waters, and the Camosun spring high and dash themselves against its sides. The strong, seasoned wood crumples beneath the impact like paper. Now the end comes; the boat is split from bow to stern and captives and captors struggle in the white foam. The men quickly disappear, pulled to their depths by the fierce Camosun. But the women are floated gently ashore, unharmed, and they run quickly to the village to tell the news of their wonderful deliverance.

"That, my friend, is the true story of the Camosun and the Land of the Camosun. There are no oysters for the Camosun's food any more. The white men have taken them all and the white men have frightened the Camosun away with puff boats and much noise. The village is gone from the banks above and the white men go there in electric cars and make it a playground. Moreover, they have built a bridge across the Camosun's passage and the Camosun are needed no more. Therefore they have gone away. A few still remain, but they are never seen now. But that is the true story of the Land of the Camosun. Many years ago when Governor Douglas and The Company came they heard of the Land of the Camosun and they thought it meant all the land around here. Therefore, they built a fort and called it Fort Camosun, and then, when the fort was gone, the white men built a great village and called it Victoria. But sometimes even now they call it Camosun. That is wrong."

The Camp Supper

By Harry H. Holmes

(From the "Outing Magazine")

SEPTEMBER, when roasting ears are plentiful and evenings are often bracingly cool, is the ideal month for camp suppers. They are easily planned, but how few people can manage one cleverly. Nine out of ten burn the corn and char the outside of the potatoes, leaving the interior nearly raw, and as for broiling a steak primitive style, they give it up as a difficult ideal and use the prosaic skillet. The more helpless have been known to substitute an alcohol lamp for the wood fire.

But if you would enjoy a camp supper to the full, do it in crude and clever fashion. The savage, you know, is an artist in woodcraft. Build the evening's success on the fire. Pile up, layer fashion, two parallel walls of stone a few feet long, nearly a foot high, and not more than a foot and a half apart. Throw a few sods against the outer sides of the walls to keep in the heat, and the fireplace is ready. Break up dry brush, driftwood, bark, and any sticks not more than two inches thick. This will make a roaring fire between your two walls and will quickly collapse into a great bed of hot ashes and glowing embers, the ideal fire for woodland cooking.

Now rake most of the embers to one end of the alley and drop the roasting ears, husks on, one layer deep on the remaining ashes. Rake back over the corn enough embers from the other end to cover them completely. In the same way fill the opposite end with corn, putting potatoes, of good size, in the middle where it is hottest. As a rule, the potatoes will require ten minutes more time than the corn.

There must be a good mixture of ashes with the glowing embers, or everything will scorch. Roasting ears will bake in half an hour or a little longer. They should cook until a delicate brown spreads over all the grains. This imparts a delicious nutty flavor not found in boiled or half-baked corn. It is best to rake out an ear every few minutes to be sure it is not scorching

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or that the ashes are hot enough. A few fresh sticks on top will hurry them up.

Now for the steak. Buy a cheap wire broiler and nail it to a six-foot hoe handle. Skewer a few strips of bacon on both sides of a thick sirloin for flavor and clamp it firmly in the broiler. Now the cook can stand comfortably to one side of the wall and broil the steak, not his face, as most amateurs do. As the melting bacon fat drips off, quickly turn the steak, keeping this up perhaps fifteen minutes. That steak ought to be superb.

Coffee? By all means. Rake a small pile of embers between two flat stones and you have a splendid stove for the coffee pot.

Time everything so the corn will be eaten first. Follow with potatoes and steak, capping the climax with strong, black coffee. No plates for the potatoes. Break them open and let everybody eat out of the half-shell. A lump of butter soon melts in such a cup. As for the roasting ears, the husks should be stripped back for a handle and the rest is a delight. Serve the steak as you will, though clean, flat rocks have served as platters.

The advantage of building the fire in the manner described will be evident after trying it. Heat is kept in the ashes much better when confined and cooks can approach the fire without being scorched.

Stanley Park

SOME nights ago I walked in the Big Park and the moonlight made the world seem very old. When I went into the park day had not fully gone. On dancing feet the sun had run down the sky. The sunset had been as a fire's flames, bloody and licking. Its brightness had abated slowly along the forest-coated West. But presently it shaded down and night was quick, and soon the park was a vacuum of darkness and silence. Then I walked away from the friendly lights, the signs of men, into the midst of the black woods.

I do not know what scared me. The waiting silence seemed a threat, and I felt a shivery sense of dread, but kept on. Soon arose the mysterious noises of the forest

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The Townsite of the New Pacific Coast Operating and Industrial Terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway Co., Coquitlam, IS OWNED BY THE COQUITLAM TERMINAL CO. Ltd.

Which, as was officially revealed at the recent meeting of the Railway Commission in Vancouver, sold the Canadian Pacific Railway Company the immense tract required by the company for its terminals. As was also brought out at the meeting of the Railway Commission, none of the railway company's property is to be used for the townsite.

A name is required to distinguish this townsite from the remaining sixty-four miles in the municipality of Coquitlam. A city of at least 25,000 people will soon spring up here, and the importance of a worthy name is obvious. It is equally important that the name be established soon, as it is planned to place the townsite on sale some time this fall, but it should be understood that no lots are offered as yet. We desire the assistance of the public in the momentous matter of choosing the name.

Although $500 cash is surely a generous offer, it is still a wise investment on our part to induce the many readers of this paper to strive for the prize, for the reason that we will have the suggestions of thousands of brains, and a responsible and competent committee will then decide upon the winner. The new terminals are located seventeen miles from the centre of Vancouver, and it needs no argument to show that the 5,000 or more employees of the C. P. R., with their families, will form a community, a city, in every sense of the word.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company

has already spent about a million dollars for the purchase of twelve hundred acres, which they require for their own use, and as stated before, a well-selected name for the coming city, which has been the talk of British Columbia and Canadian railroad circles for months, is of the utmost importance. This will be a new city—a new port—on the Pacific Coast, and the greatest railway corporation in America will have a monthly payroll there of five hundred thousand dollars or more. This, of course, will attract business men, tradesmen and professional men, who, with the 5,000 employees of the railway company and their families, will at once make a thriving city, and give in the near future a population of at least 25,000.

Now, this $500 is as likely to be won by the plain working man or his child as it is to be won by the highest honored college graduate. Some of our greatest inventions have been discovered by the working class. We mention this especially to show that there is as good a chance for the most humble citizens in the community to win the prizes as there is for the greatest scholars; in fact, more so, for the former are in the majority—twenty to one in every community.

Send us your choice of a name for the city, and if the committee of responsible and competent citizens decide that yours is the best (and it might be the best), we will immediately mail you our cheque for ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, with our compliments, and thank you for suggesting the name. If you come short of the best name, you have thirty other chances for the rest of the $500, as follows:

Two hundred dollars, divided into ten prizes of twenty dollars each, for the ten second best names.

Two hundred dollars divided into twenty prizes of ten dollars each, for the next following twenty best names.

Thirty-one prizes in all.

Contest closes October 15. Read the little square at the bottom. Answer the questions there, sign your name and address and become one of the contestants. Or if you do not wish to enter the contest and only wish information about the new city, simply sign your name and address and we will immediately forward you the fullest details. In any case, you will be well repaid for the effort.

Coquitlam Terminal Company Limited

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The Coquitlam Terminal Co. Limited

507 D Bower Bldg., Vancouver, B. C.

Gentlemen,—I suggest .....

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as an appropriate name for the new city adjoining the Pacific Coast, Freight and General Operating Terminus of the C. P. R., with the hope that it will be accepted.

Name .....

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night; strange crepitations, breathings and conferrings, sinister, disquieting, clandestine, having the flavor of conspiracy. Men who have lived in the open, and even city men who have in them that drop of wild blood that drives them from towns to live a hardy life for a while in the clean wilderness, know the truth of this; that sometimes, when night has fallen deep and black on the forest, and one is alone, superstition will creep on cold feet into one's soul, and a gruesome feeling, something of nameless dread which strikes terror into the boldest, will take possession of one. It is a recurring of the thousand-years-old fear of those evil half-gods and monsters of pagan fantasy, who had their temples in the deep mysterious woods and were dreaded by all mortal men. Because a man is not constructed of nickel steel, he may not face this terror as hardily as he would. It has come to all men who have gone more than a day's journey into the enticing forest. The most unimaginative men and the most disdainful (in daylight) of superstition have confessed to it.

When the dusk is washed with the silver of the evening mist, you sit beside the blackening coals of your camp fire (let us say) on the whispering beach of a mountain lake, and the shadows ooze from the outlying skirts of the forest, and the moon is like a lamp turned low, and there is an unaccountable small noise in that native country of silence the shadows are creeping out from. The sound is unlike the sounds made by beast or bird or tree, and the wind is asleep in the woods. Immediately you become acute of hearing, and the sound is repeated.

The sound is long and low and very unfamiliar, and impossible to describe. It has in it a quality which knocks at imagination's door, and instantly you are a child again—a child afraid to go to bed in the dark. The demon legends of the Woods, Indians come in a dark flock into your mind, stories of the Big Things. eaters of men, that walk the woods in the sadness of the moonlight, haunters of the trails, the camp grounds and the springs. Not for any bribe would you leave the fire and penetrate the woods in the direction of that sound. The noise suggests a kind of whining groan, but you know that none of the woodland folk, your forest neighbors, could make it. Fantasy draws a picture in your mind of that unnamed Thing that lurks in the shadow, and fear barks at your heels and you dare not look around.

It was very dark. The road was a narrow grey mist squeezed in by a blackness of trees. The sky was a violet roof pinned up by a few steel stars. The great rough shafts of the tree giants standing straight and tall I could not see, but knew they were there, huge pillars holding up the roof of this mighty temple of an elemental paganism. The neighborhood of these kindly colossi should have comforted me, but the velvet-footed Thing behind me filled my mind. Through a black vastness of forest I walked, not too fast, and the moon came out from where it had been homing in a cloud-cavern, and the night gained in grandeur, and strangeness, and presently I saw English Bay through the trees, a blurr of snow bounded by a milky mist of light, inlaid with separated lights that weighed more carats, and knew I was near the pleasant frontiers of the world again.

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Since we have been connected with the publishing business we have learned several facts about the right kind of advertising—facts that formerly we did not know. Hereafter, in this column, we will have something to say about advertisements that sell goods. We will show why 1, 2 or 5 per cent. saved by not advertising judiciously, by leaving out some available, valuable medium, has been proved a false notion in the last twelve years of Advertising History. There is a progressive tendency throughout this continent to correct old faults in advertising.

Large advertising agencies, employing the highest-salaried experts on ad-writing—men who understand the particular fancies of the buying public—find that the right kind of publicity is nothing more nor less than an actual science. They prove by the enormous gross business that they handle and retain that getting results from good "copy" is as much a science as natural history itself. From now on we propose to tell you something about it.

B.C. Saturday Sunset

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The B. C. E. Railway Company pays to the City certain percentages of the receipts on its tram lines. The growth of Vancouver is indicated by the amount of these payments:

1901-5	$20,626.69	Average per month	$ 343.77
1906	10,163.38	" "	846.94
1907	16,366.96	" "	1,363.90
1908	23,182.43	" "	1,931.86
1909	33,694.80	" "	2,807.90
1910	47,419.75	" "	3,951.64

Bank Clearings—

	Total for Year		JUNE	JULY	AUG.
1910	$444,988,818	1911	$45,557,790	$43,239,102	$46,522,543
1909	287,529,994	1910	37,092,464	37,630,303	36,533,143
1908	183,083,446	1909	22,073,266	22,963,715	24,969,077

Land Registry—

	Total for Year		JUNE	JULY	AUG.
1910	$223,179.20	1911	$23,000.00	$21,000.00	$22,981.64
1909	148,145.17	1910	17,407.00	14,604.84	15,284.01

Customs—

	Total
Fiscal Year ending Apr 1, 1911	$6,231,604.64
" " " " 1, 1910	3,932,338.35
Increase	$2,299,266.29

	JUNE	JULY	AUG.
1911	$630,050.00	$621,273.94	$800,000.00
1910	541,000.00	446,529.67	565,007.01

Building Permits—

JUNE 1911 $ 882,356 / 1910 1,163,140 JULY 1911 $1,108,378 / 1910 639,530 AUG. 1911 $1,525,918 / 1910 745,235

	1909	1910	1911
First 5 months	$2,836,165	$5,722,940	$8,281,700
" 6 "	3,493,185	6,885,800	9,164,056
" 7 "	4,042,292	7,425,410	10,296,784
" 8 "	4,883,430	8,270,645	11,822,702
" 9 "	5,647,960	9,011,360	
" 10 "	6,135,575	10,298,355	
" 11 "	6,745,764	12,196,240	
For 12 "	7,258,565	13,150,365	

Total 1910	$13,150,365
" 1909	7,258,565
Increase	$ 5,891,800

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Members will kindly advise the Secretary regarding any errors in addresses, classification of business, etc., that may occur in this list.

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Fisher, Wm., 10 Winch Building.
Kendall, Sewell & Co., Exchange Bldg.
Winter, George E., 508 Dominion Trust Bldg.

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Grant & Henderson, 413 Granville Street.
Griffith, H. S., 912 Dominion Trust Building.
Hooper, Thos., 527 Winch Building.
Marbury-Somervell, W., 43 Exchange Building.
McLean, G. K., 45 Fairfield Building.
Whiteway, W. T., Molsons Bank Building.
Wright, Rushforth & Cahill, 709 Dunsmuir St.

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Bank of Vancouver, Cambie and Hastings Sts.
Eastern Townships Bank, Cambie & Hastings Sts.
Royal Bank of Canada, Hastings & Homer Sts.
Royal Bank, East End Branch, Westminster Ave. and Hastings Street.
Traders Bank of Canada, 346 Hastings Street.

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Shoebotham, Thos. B., Cotton Building.
Williams, A., K.C., Molsons Bank Chambers.

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Vancouver-Prince Rupert Meat Co., Ltd., 150 Hastings Street.

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White & Bindon, 113 Hastings Street.

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MacMillan & Oliphant, Bank of Commerce Bldg.
McTavish Bros., 421 Pender St.
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Weeks, Edward S., 407 Hastings St. W.
Wolverton & Co., Ltd., 704 Dominion Trust Bldg.

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Hepburn, Walter, Crown Building.
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McLean Bros., Molsons Bank Building.
McLean, Robt. & Co., 532 Granville Street.
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Weeks, W. C., 13 Burns Building.
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Strand, 626 Hastings Street.
Windsor Hotel, 748 Granville.
Willows, Campbell River, B. C.

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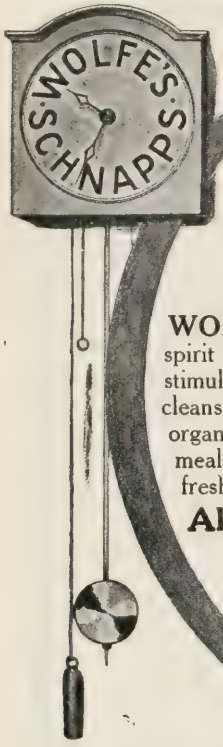

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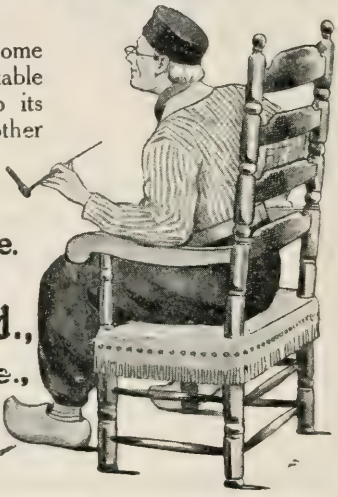

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Dewar & Maybee, 2005 Park Drive.
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Faris & Montserrat, 445 Homer St.
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Foster, E. W., 517 Pender Street.
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Griffith & Lee, 420 Winch Bldg.
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Hatt, H. O. & Co., 659 Broadway.
Higginbotham, A. E., 536 Broadway.
Hitchcock & Meeker, 344 Pender Street.
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Kearns, John D., 405 Bower Building.
Laing & Frame, 347 Pender Street.
Lalonde & Clough, 441 Homer Street.
Latimer, Nay & McTavish, 319 Pender Street.
Lembke, W. H., 439 Richards Street.
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Munson & Co., S. F., 333 Pender Street.
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Mutual Investment Co., Winch Building.
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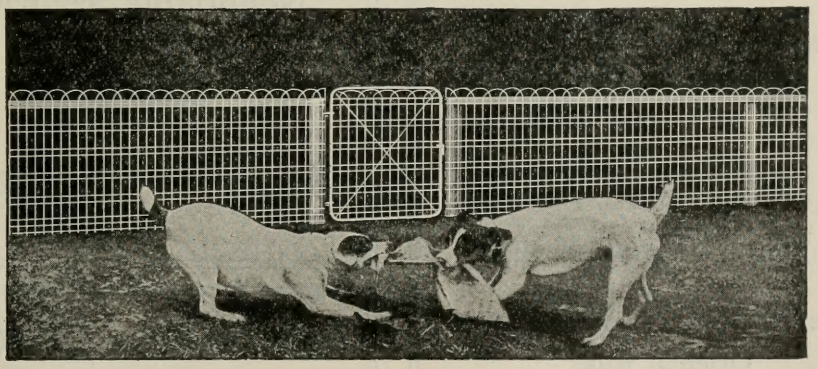

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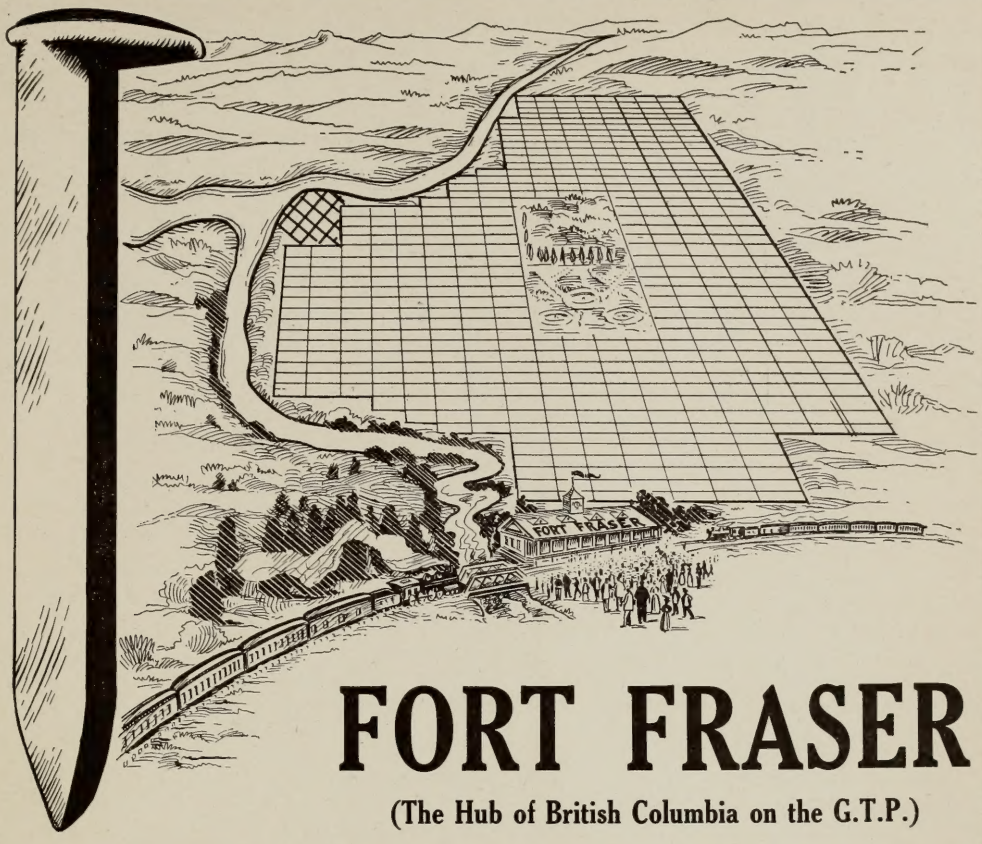

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